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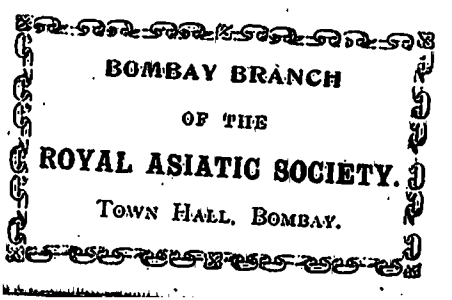

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MUSICAL AND PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

DURING

HALF A CENTURY.

BY

HENRY PHILLIPS.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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TO

SIR GEORGE SMART.

In grateful recollection of sound advice, but imperfectly followed—of kindness thankfully remembered—of assistance that it is a pleasure publicly to acknowledge—and in admiring recognition, of virtues which grace the Profession of which he is so distinguished a Member; these Volumes are inscribed as a slight tribute of esteem and affection by his

Friend, and pupil,

HENRY PHILLIPS.

LONDON, MAY, 1864.

MUSICAL AND PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

CHAPTER I.

Born to a fortune, I was penniless before five years of age. My father, Mr. Richard Phillips, by birth as well as education, was a gentleman. Sedentary in his habits, studious and refined, he chose the law as his profession, and was admitted a barrister. At times hesitating between the bar and the church, his dress, manners, and appearance would have indicated that he had entered the latter; as, in accordance with the clerical fashion of that period, he wore black silk stockings, knee breeches, buckles, and a white neck-handkerchief. He was one of

five children, and inherited a considerable property, so that his private fortune and profession would have enabled him to pass through life honoured and respected. He lacked, however, that patience so necessary for the development of legal oratorical powers, and in an evil hour flew to that more dazzling field, the stage, thoughtlessly threw aside his sombre gown, and grasping the mock sceptre of the spectral king, sunk to the low degree of a country actor.

Elated by the flattery and unmerited applause of friends, he imagined a glorious career lay before him; nor looking forward into the future, did one hour of regret seem possible at the exchange he had effected. Thus, he who might have risen high in his profession thought his exertions well rewarded by the illiterate applause of a country audience, and fancied he was the finest Hamlet, the most eloquent Othello, and the most vigorous Macbeth that ever trod the stage.

Changing from one circuit to another, time

went on, till chance brought him to the establishment where he first met my mother, a handsome, bright-eyed little lady of Hebrew and German extraction, which extraction accounted for her eyes—her eagle eyes, her *Jews' eyes*—for what is there more soft, piercing, and beautiful? From childhood she had sang in public, and acquired, at the early age of nine years, a great reputation at Vauxhall Gardens, which were then frequented by all the rank and fashion of the land. Her voice was a soprano, of surprising power and extent, and, like that of all persons of Hebrew blood, flexible in the extreme, and with a beautiful natural shake, an ornament indispensable at that time. Unhappily with all those natural advantages, Miss Barnett, who figured as an apprenticed pupil of Dr. Hook, the father of Theodore, and the late Dean of Worcester, and musical conductor and composer to the Royal Property, was so sadly inattentive to all the opportunities afforded her for study, that she preferred a good romp with Theodore Hook to learning a sonata of Pleyell's,

thought it was quite sufficient to warble the 'Soldier Tired,' or, 'A Hunting we will go;' and grew up accordingly deficient in all the requisites of an accomplished vocalist. When arrived at womanhood, nothing was left for her but the post of first singer at some country theatre, where the Rosinas and Rosettas of that day were valuable members of the corps.

It was at one of these theatres (Weymouth) that my honoured parents first met as Hamlet and Ophelia; and Hamlet soon became enamoured of the singing actress,—for an admirable actress she was; so much so, that George III., who then constantly visited Weymouth, came frequently to the theatre to hear her, and both His Majesty and the Queen and Princesses patronized her benefit, and always sent her a handsome present. These circumstances added not a little fire to the flame of young Hamlet's affection, and he at length proposed, was accepted, and eventually married in 1800, at St. Paul's, Covent Garden, London, the union being much opposed by his family,

who had hoped he would return to his profession and settle very differently in life.

The married couple now joined the Bath circuit, then under the management of Mr. Diamond, which included the theatre at Bristol, as it still does, though the transit from one town to the other is not the important consideration it once was. Bath was then the chief establishment, that city being the chosen retreat of George III. and Queen Charlotte. The Bristol theatre was not open sometimes more than two nights in the week, except for a short season, so that the members of the establishment had their lodgings in Bath, and had to travel in a hired van from Bristol to Bath after the performances, which was a dreary and fatiguing affair on a dark, cold, wet winter's night.

At the commencement of the short Bristol season the lodgings were in that ancient city, and it so happened that there, on the 13th August, 1801, Master Henry Phillips first saw the light. What an event! my father,—flushed with pride at the

birth of a son and heir, possessed of a handsome fortune, married to a beautiful and talented vocalist, and in his own imagination the greatest of all living actors,—considered an engagement under a manager too menial a position for him to occupy; and desiring rather to be a manager himself, he soon purchased a circuit in Wales, which included Swansea, Merthyr, Brecon, Carmarthen, &c., where, in a marvellously short space of time, he managed to run through all his property, even to some rows of houses in the Euston Road, London. The "Adam and Eve," and a number of dwellings on each side, would, but for this mishap, have belonged to me, (until of late years they bore our name,) but now the once rich heir was a houseless child.

Some two years more, and ruin came upon us; the circuit was broken up, my father was in debt, and the final result was falling back on the original folly, and taking a short summer engagement for my father only, at the theatre in Harrogate, Yorkshire, in 1809, whither I accompanied him, my mother going to York,

for the purpose, I presume, of seeing Tate Wilkinson, the then celebrated manager, who, from his eccentricities, had gained a universal popularity, and was, I believe, the most dreaded of all his provincial brethren.

One of the stories in general circulation was that of a poor gentleman who sought an interview to obtain an engagement, which, having accomplished, he timidly approached in a miserable and tattered condition.

"Well," said Tate (raising his head from the table at which he was writing), "what is your business, sir?"

"I seek—I seek an engagement."

"What for?" roared Tate, in a voice which shook the poor gentleman like an aspen leaf.

He turned pale, and tremblingly replied—

"As your leading tragedian."

Tate eyed him from head to foot, while the poor fellow stood in a supplicating attitude with his hat grasped in both hands. For a few minutes Mr. Wilkinson hesitated how to proceed, for it did not appear to him that any genius or

energy was in the man's composition, and his hesitation arose from uncertainty how to get rid of him. After a moment's pause Tate inquired—"What is your name, sir?"

The question seemed to promise the prospect of an engagement.

"My name is Brown—Brown, sir."

"Well, Mr. *Town*, and what parts have you played?"

"Beg pardon, sir, my name is *Brown*."

"Ah! well, Mr. *Gown*, are you prepared?"

"Pardon me, sir, you are really mistaken—*Brown*, sir, *Brown*."

"Never mind," replied Tate; "tell me, Mr. *Frown*."

"Really," cried the enraged tragedian, "this is very strange; let me impress upon you that my name is——"

"I know—Mr. *Noun*."

At which the poor gentleman put on his hat, and with a tragic stamp of the foot left the room, while the manager called to his servant—

"Show Mr. *Crown* down."

This sojourn at Harrogate was a dull period of my existence. I had no employment, and received no education of any kind, with the exception of what little instruction my father's leisure and state of mind enabled him occasionally to give me. He instructed me in declamation; made me read Sterne and Milton, and grounded me in the rudiments of Latin: but these were scanty lessons. I had no opportunity for emulation such as school-boys have, and there were no prizes connected with this theatre on a common. It was a very short season, and had nearly terminated, when it was suggested, that if I had any talents in any way, I might be brought forward as a Roscius, such precosity, stimulated by Young Betty's success, being the rage and fashion—The tragic Roscius. Could I act? No! Could I dance? No!! Could I tumble? No!!! Could I sing? Yes!!!! I had an excellent voice, very high, clear and flexible, and had sung many songs before I could speak plainly, which were taught me by my mother. I was then enthusiastically proclaimed by the

entire company a Singing Roscius; and a splendid fortune it was foretold would crown my efforts.

After much discussion it was agreed that I should appear as the bills say—positively for one night only—and sing 'The Bay of Biscay' in character. Posters appeared, the small bills were enclosed to the visitors at the hotels, and my name was consequently in wide circulation. I felt an importance suddenly growing upon me. I was no longer a lad, but becoming *a very great man.*

The evening had arrived, when an unexpected difficulty presented itself—what was to be done for a sailor's jacket? the wardrobe boasted but of one, and that would have enveloped my whole person. There was no time to be lost, however, as the play was nearly over. A thought struck the ingenious tailor of the establishment; he would sew the little tail of my jacket up behind, which certainly would create a hump, but I must be careful, he said, not to turn round and show the hump to the audience. All was

submitted to, and I was sewed up. The play over, there I stood in a state of nervous excitement, painted and plumed for the task. The scene was set—*an open sea*—painted on the back of some other scene, where the wood work was more prominent than the water, and unmistakable evidence of a street-door appeared in the middle of the ocean. All was ready : tingle went the bell ; up went the curtain, and the glorious orchestra, which consisted of two fiddles and a German flute, struck up the symphony. As I strutted on in the midst of a flash of lightning, —which electric effect was produced by a candle and a large pepper box, filled with the dangerous elements, while somebody shook something behind the scenes with the intention of inducing weak-minded people to believe it was thunder ; —my reception was very flattering, a storm of applause before the curtain seemed to strike awe into the storm behind, and I began my theme—' Loud roared the dreadful Thunder ;' pointing my finger towards the left hand side of the stage, as if the storm came from that direction

—which unfortunately *it did not*—it was a little oversight. At the termination I was again loudly applauded, the whole company shook hands with me, all the ladies kissed me; and, in fact, I was the great lion of the evening. Thus I made my first effort in public, and laid the foundation stone of my future fame.

CHAPTER II.

A FEW days after this *debût* the season closed, and with it terminated the first chapter in my early affections. The manager had a little daughter about my own age, eight years, and to her I became much attached, fancied in fact that I was deeply in love; and I shall never forget the morning I left Harrogate to walk with my father twenty-one miles to York. The lodging we occupied joined the theatre, and the manager's house was next to ours. I had apprized my inamorata of our departure; and she was at her little garden gate to see me off. The road to York was nearly opposite our lodging; and as I approached the corner which hid Harrogate

from my sight, I turned round, and beheld her swinging on the gate, and waving her handkerchief to me. The circumstance is now as vivid as though an hour had not elapsed.

The journey was too much for me. On arriving at York I was almost delirious, and kept my bed for some days. A mother's attention, however, hastened my recovery, and it was then arranged we should give a concert before we left the city. This concert took place in the Old Assembly Room, and proving a success, helped us on our way to London,—the object, it now appeared, my parents had in view: for even had my mother been successful with Mr. Wilkinson, the York season did not commence till the winter, and we could not afford to wait.

At this concert I sang 'The Hymn of Eve,' Arne's; a song entitled, 'The Trump of Fame,' and of course 'The Bay of Biscay,' (minus the hump). One thing connected with this song always perplexed me; namely, why it was called *The Bay of Biscay* O. I inquired: but no one could explain the mystery to me. I looked into

my geography book and did not find it there. Some one at length proposed a solution of the enigma by saying, " that the marines—who were not good sailors—might have crossed those waters, and feeling very ill from the roughness of the passage, enquired their whereabouts by saying, '*Is this the Bay of Biscay ?—Oh!!!*'" This appeared so very likely, that I adopted it as a *fact.*

From York we proceeded to Doncaster, and thence, again alone with my father, to Northampton. The last night of that short season having arrived, we retired as usual to rest, when about six o'clock I was aroused, and bid dress for our departure. It was a cold, dark, winter morning, in which I was told I must walk as far as the cross, some mile out of the town, where the coach would take us up and convey us to London. How well I remember that dark, cold morning, which so much resembled the night we arrived there, quite as cold, with a heavy rain falling, a high wind, and no lodging to be obtained. We could not afford the expense of an

hotel, so at last got shelter in a little public house, where soldiers were billeted, revelling and rioting, and coming all night in and out of our bed-room, which had no fastening — I shall never forget it ! !

Having reached the cross, we awaited the arrival of the coach, which slowly ascended the hill, and took our seats outside. Not having breakfasted I felt the cold more keenly, and fell fast asleep on my neighbour's lap. The long and monotonous day passed wearily, until the distant lights of London woke all from their lethargy, and we were at length safely landed in the old court-yard of the Saracen's Head, Snow Hill, where we stayed for the night. The next morning I was introduced to my rich aunts— my father's sisters—who lived in a court near Temple Bar, as people were wont at that period to do, there being no Belgravia or Sydenham to fly to,—nothing but Hampstead and Highgate. I was left for a day or two, first at one person's house, and then at another, while my father roamed about in search of an engagement at

some of the London theatres. I did not much relish being left, like a lost parcel, at different places; and was only too rejoiced when he called to give me a few hours' recreation, and show me the lions of the city. The first which met my view were the two long poles on the summit of Temple Bar, on which, at one time, heads of traitors were displayed—Lord Lovat's being, I believe, the last. We proceeded through Fleet Street, observing old Isaac Walton's house, and the two giants that struck the hours on St. Dunstan's church; then to St. Paul's, which I had so often seen my father draw when I was very little, but which I did not dream I should ever behold in reality. We then turned, and passed Drury Lane Theatre, with the scaffolding up—for it was not at that time finished; dined at a French restaurant in Leicester Square, where I fancied they gave us some very nasty things, that I know made me ill. I was then transformed into the lost parcel again, and left at a friend or relation's house for the night.

After much labour and anxiety, my father

obtained an engagement at Drury Lane Theatre. We were then all in London, and took a small house in Somers Town, near to Mr. Carr, who was appointed prompter. This gentleman had a very large family of sons and daughters, one of whom, Louisa, again inspired me with the tender passion. She was indeed a most beautiful girl, with a complexion clear as alabaster, the colour of a peach, and flaxen-golden hair that hung to her waist in flowing and luxuriant ringlets. My boyish professions were laughed at, for she was a year or two the elder. I watched her through life, until she married a Captain Peach, at Bath; and, though now in the vale of years, she retains much of her pristine beauty. Near to us resided also Mr. George Smith, one of the famous bass singers of the London theatres. There were three at that time, George Smith, Tinney, and Higman; there was not much difference observable between any of these three gentlemen, with this exception, that he who went *lowest, stood highest;* thus Tinney got well down to E flat,

George Smith ran him hard, and growled down to D; but Higman, the Polyphemus of this grumbling band, held a good, round, powerful double C, which defied all competition. These vocalists were ever and upon all occasions singing 'The Wolf,' a robber's song composed by Shield, for the opera of the Castle of Andalusia. No matter what the occasion might be—a public dinner, a ball, a marriage, or a funeral—if Higman got a chance of singing, it was sure to be 'The Wolf.' All the theatrical bass singers of that period were robbers, and generally adopted a sort of Spanish costume, but of so mixed a character, that it would have been difficult in the extreme to have associated them with any degree of certainty with any country—they were robbers, and that was enough: they sang 'The Wolf,' and that was all which could be desired.

It was the custom then in London, as it is now in the provinces, to have a song or dance between the play and farce: thus one of our three friends aired the above song somewhere every evening. Higman having the greatest re-

putation for executing this wonderful composition (which, *entre nous*, a schoolboy might have written), he launched out into such extravagances of dress, that at last he became quite ridiculous; for in addition to his Spanish tunic and trunks, he wore a high brigand hat, ornamented with feathers of all colours, and variegated ribbons, to say nothing of a broad leather belt, into which was thrust two brace of huge horse pistols, a tremendous dagger, a blunderbuss slung behind, and a sword large enough and long enough to slay half-a-dozen life guardsmen at one fell swoop. What a formidable walking fortress! How the members of the orchestra looked so placid, and played so sweetly in the presence of such a murderous being, was a something to wonder at. On stalked this human wolf; in the first two movements of the song, the hands and arms only were called into requisition; when the last strain commenced, the legs were brought into action, and began walking extravagantly about the stage, just as if they couldn't help it; when he arrived at—*Locks*,

bolts, and bars, soon fly asunder, he stamped, and raved, and looked about, as if trying to discover where the street door really was; and, uttering the last resolve—*Then to rifle, rob, and plunder*—out came the long sword and one of the horse pistols: the sword was flourished, the pistol was pointed, and he rushed off the stage, as if with the fixed determination of slaughtering the whole company. Down came the curtain in breathless haste, to hide the impending massacre; and for some minutes one could not help thinking but the manager would come before the curtain to assure the audience, that nobody was hurt. Such was the fashion of the day.

Drury Lane Theatre having at length come into full operation, much interest was made to get me heard, but I had not the good fortune to fall into the right channel. Few persons pay attention to recommendations—will not trouble themselves to discover talent—fancy you may be overrated—have friends of their own whom they have promised to serve; and so time goes on,

till some opportunity occurs for you to come out from the ranks, when every one says—Who would have thought it? I was taken to Sir George Smart (though he does not remember it), then to Mr. Charles Horn, and many others. They all patted me on the head, said I sang very well, and wished me success: and there the matter rested, until a singing boy was required at the old Haymarket Theatre, to play the robber's boy in 'The Iron Chest,' with Mr. Young, Sir Edward Mortimer, Mrs. Harlowe Judith, and George Smith, the Captain of Banditti; through whose interest, I believe, I obtained this engagement. I sang the music, and having sustained my part apparently to the satisfaction of all, received the enormous stipend of *five shillings a night.* I was perfectly satisfied, however—I had made a metropolitan fame. The crown I had earned was one, in my estimation, covered with laurels, the leaves of which I was resolved to preserve green, if industry and energy could enable me to accomplish it.

CHAPTER III.

THE following season I was engaged at Drury Lane, to sing in the music of 'Macbeth,' at the same high salary, whenever I was wanted; it was here I first met John Barnet, the now celebrated composer of the opera of 'The Mountain Sylph.' I still had received no instruction in the art of music, and was becoming very weary at the days passing by without adding to my store of knowledge, when a kind friend came forward, and gratuitously taught me the value of my notes, and all the early rudiments of the science. This was Mr. Leoni Lee; he gave me almost daily lessons, and taught me also a few glees and canons, such as 'Non

Nobis,' and 'Glorious Apollo,' and this knowledge, slight as it was, acted as an incentive to know more, and my efforts to learn were incessant. I was then placed under Mr. Price, the chorus master of the theatre to whom John Barnett was apprenticed. Mr. Price happened to be a gentleman of late hours, and it not unfrequently occurred that Barnett and myself met at his apartments at an appointed time for a lesson, and had to trudge back with empty knowledge boxes, our tutor not being visible. 'Macbeth' continued to be represented at intervals, Edmund Kean being the blazing comet of the theatrical universe. Thus things went on, till a new tragedy chanced to be produced, entitled 'Bertram,' in which I was to personate a page. This was a seemingly glorious chance of some additional five shillings per night. I had placed in my hands a very top heavy banner, which caused the handle to be continually getting between my legs, and much interfered with my otherwise tragic appearance. My memory was not overtaxed, having but one speech, viz., 'Is

he not here already?' It did not seem to me to produce much effect. The tragedy failed, yielding me only fifteen shillings. Christmas was now on the cards, and a grand pantomime in perspective, in the opening of which a good singing fairy being required, I was the ethereal being selected. Mr. Price having failed in the performance of his duty, I was unfortunately apprenticed to Mr. John Reeve, son of the composer of a then celebrated gipsy glee, entitled, 'Come stain your cheeks with nut and berry.' Mr. Reeve was, no doubt, a good musician; but here again I was unfortunate in my choice of a master. He was not a person of much application, and, worse than that, went to reside at Edmonton, to which place I had constantly to walk. When there, I staid two or three days, *learned nothing*, and walked back as wise as I went.

During this time Mr. Tom Cooke made his *debût* at Drury Lane, as Don Carlos, in the 'Duenna,' and though not possessing a voice of much sweetness or power, produced an effect by

his judicious treatment of the register Nature had given him. He was an excellent musician, played on almost every instrument that had ever been invented, and proved himself not only a valuable member of the establishment, but was soon elected composer to the theatre. The preparations for the pantomime commenced, and Mr. T. Cooke, liking my voice, wrote me a very brilliant song, at the termination of which I was to wave my wand, and ascend in a little car from the stage, through a hole in the ceiling over the pit. This was to me an awful arrangement, and everything seemed to give assurance of a fatal accident. It was agreed that I should not make the ascent till the last rehearsal, just previous to which a kind providence came to my aid, gave me a terrific cold, and sore throat, through which I made an effort to sing, but failing, broke my *voice* instead of my *neck*, and from that moment my clear and high soprano bade me adieu.

I was now verging on sixteen, not progressing in knowledge, and deprived of my five shillings

a night, so, setting all indentures at defiance, I resolved, like Gilpin, to go to Edmonton no more. We left Somers Town, and took a little house on Chelsea Common, then a growing colony, now a vast suburb of London. Something I knew I must do to enable me to live, and I resolved to see what I could obtain for my little drawings, having always possessed a taste for sketching. My ambition ever soaring, my brain never still, I visited all sorts of coach houses, stable yards, cow houses, pig stys, &c., &c., to make drawings of anything I could find that had form and colour, arranging little groups that had something like originality about them; and, having got together a tolerable collection, I put my portfolio under my arm, and entering London by Piccadilly, went into the first shop I came to, at the corner of Sackville Street, which looked a very likely place for my object, as they exhibited at their windows (as they do to this day) coloured pictures of race horses, prize sheep, cows, pigs, prize fighters, &c., &c. I asked them if they would kindly

look over my sketches, to which they very politely assented, said they were very well drawn, but not in their way. *Disappointment the first!* Nothing daunted, on I went, not missing a single chance; but, unsuccessful everywhere, evening drew on, and, weary and hungry, I turned back, and eventually reached home, certainly a little vexed, but not disheartened!

The next day I started early on the same errand, till, having exhausted all the localities I knew anything of, I again returned home, having resolved to convert our parlour window into a shop, and so exhibit my drawings. All being arranged to my satisfaction, by tapes drawn across, I pinned my pictures to them, with the prices marked; and, I assure you, very respectable and business-like the window looked, bearing, at the same time, evidence that mine was not an extravagant establishment, as the highest price was one shilling, which graduated down to a penny. I soon sold some, and my spirits rose rapidly. Not many days elapsed ere my shop attracted the attention of a person

connected with Ackerman's repository, in the Strand, who offered me employment, to colour engravings, such as were then the rage, viz., long strips of subjects drawn out of a tube, like a moving panorama. One was, 'A trip to Paris,' others, 'a trip to Holland,' Edinburgh, &c., &c. This I cheerfully accepted, and prophesied a flourishing trade at hand. What with my employment and my shop, a commercial importance grew upon me. At this colouring I laboured eight and ten hours a day for nearly two years, and frequently earned from thirty shillings to two pounds a week, which not only contributed much to the comfort and support of my family, but also enabled me to purchase cheap copies of the songs of Handel, Haydn, and Mozart, from which I commenced my study of the great masters. The difficulty was, how to practise them, for I had no instrument.

Fortune, however, still favoured me, for, having made a really elaborate drawing of a laundress's drying ground, and placed it as the centre of

attraction in my window, it was observed by a lady living opposite, who took in washing, kept a mangle, and had a pianoforte. She speedily made my acquaintance, and asked me to tea, which invitation I eagerly accepted. She was a little person, with a dash of manner rather above her calling, and though elderly, skipped about sometimes like a young girl. Our conversation referring to her younger days, it appeared she had been a dancer and chorus singer at some of the London theatres. Finding that I also had found employment in that honourable branch of the profession, she was overjoyed, told me to come and drink tea as often as I liked, and added that I might practise on her piano from morning till night every day in the week.

Here was a piece of good fortune indeed. I was accordingly ushered into the back [parlour, and there stood, in the darkest corner that could have been selected, a very consumptive-looking pianoforte, with very thin legs, one pedal, and a register of nearly five octaves; the keys had a fine healthy brown appearance, and the tone was

not at all calculated to disturb the people in the next house.

This early and unexpected assistance in the study of the divine art gave me great encouragement, and every penny was saved to purchase fresh music. I limited my colouring to six hours a day, and passed all the rest at the pianoforte. It is true, I had not much voice, you might almost say, *not any:* but there peeped out now and then a sort of evidence of its coming. So at least thought my patroness, who flattered me by saying, that I sang, to-day, more like a singer than I did yesterday. So matters progressed. She mangled the linen, while I fired away and mangled the music; thus mangling was taken in by wholesale.

It now became expedient that I should be released from Mr. Reeves, who however remained obstinate, and refused to cancel the articles. All appeals were in vain, until a Mr. Gent, a gentleman well known in literary circles took upon himself the task of inducing Mr. Reeves to yield, and eventually succeeded.

This was an important event. I was once more free, and had the world before me.

I must not pass by Mr. Gent, who now rests with his fathers, but who is still green in my memory, not only because of his good and disinterested acts, but also because of his charming poetry; amongst others his sonnets, 'Night' and 'Morning;' they are worthy of a golden frame. 'Morning' I have set to music, and it has been a most successful composition to me.

My great ambition I remember was to have a bass voice; and no wonder when I had so strong a memory of Higman, George Smith and Tinney, whom I then thought the greatest singers in the world, being subsequently much surprised when I discovered they were the very worst. Thus I was continually trying if my low notes would come, but Nature shook her head and whispered No! My mind still intent on the Higman style, I studied Handel's bass songs; and not a very great time elapsed before I could in my way sing them. The low notes were yet inaudible and the upper very weak; still I could sing;

and another master was sought for, capable of imparting to me the knowledge I required.

During this time, while colouring my engravings, arranging my shop-window, practising on the consumptive pianoforte, and reading in the evening, I frequently reflected on my boyish career at Drury Lane Theatre, and felt how little I had appreciated the public characters I was then thrown amongst. For instance, Lord Byron; many an hour have I sat by him in the green-room of Drury Lane, and well do I remember his limping walk, his turned-down collar, and smooth and chiselled features. It was whispered that he waited there for the beautiful Mrs. Mardyn; but whether this was true or not I cannot say; I only know that he was one of the committee, a great man, a lord, and a very gentlemanly one, and there my knowledge ends.

I met likewise in those days Dr. Kitchener, the great friend of Charles Dibdin, celebrated for his extraordinary dinners and variety of sauces; he was very eccentric, but always a well-bred man, and happy in entering into conversation with

any one—also Beau Brummell, a gentleman of the highest polish, but old, and stooping very much. He was still foppish, and a perfect beau of the old school; it was very evident he could not be brought to believe that he was getting aged. Mr. Lamb, too, also came under my notice, and Elliston, who personated George IV. in a stage representation of the coronation, till it was generally believed that he thought he was literally transformed into his Majesty; and certainly the resemblance was striking, especially when the actor was dressed for the occasion. Take it altogether, the green-room contained in those days an elegant and well-conducted assemblag which had the grace of the drawing-room, and the conversation of the literati—how different in aftertimes!

The operatic department was then, however, of anything but an elevated class, in fact, it comprised nothing but mere musical dramas, such as the 'Lord of the Manor,' 'Love in a Village,' the 'Beggar's Opera,' 'Rosina,' and so forth. Yet there were some excellent vocalists;

for this school, which we now look on as so meagre and insignificant, boasted the support of a Billington, Mara, Braham, Incledon, and not the least, Miss Paton. The effort of Dr. Arne to introduce upon the English stage an imitation of the Italian Opera, by composing with recitatives the subject of 'Artaxerxes,' proved eminently successful, and certainly stimulated the vocalists; for the acme of art was long considered by the soprani, the execution of the music of Mandane. The melodies in 'Artaxerxes' are certainly beautiful; but compared with the writings of the present day, if difficulty is to be the criterion of perfection, the thing is absolutely ridiculous. I presume that persons born at a certain period, are by nature fitted for a more mature one; for otherwise, strange to say, I have tried to succeed in almost all the operas of that time, but invariably failed. I could not act the characters; I could not buckle to the music; I felt a lack of energy, a want of excitement; in fact, a something which came as I entered life, and the operatic world advanced.

The three basses I have before spoken of, Higman, G. Smith, and Tinney, were, it appears, but the last of a line which had long preceded them; one of the most renowned of whom was Mr. Champness. He is described as a large man, with an unwieldly voice, but who, nevertheless, endeavoured to execute Handel's most flexible songs.

It is related of him, that once when singing in the Messiah, he got on very well till he came to 'Why do the Nations,' when the conductor, having taken it a little faster than usual, he struggled after the accompaniment for a few bars, then turning to the singers near him, he said—"Stop em'! stop 'em!—I shall never overtake 'em." They dragged him through, however, and he managed to come in at the death, breathless, powerless, and almost swooning.

CHAPTER IV.

AMONG singers, none hold a more prominent place in my memory than Mrs. Bland; she was of Hebrew and Italian extraction, very short and fat, exceedingly near-sighted, pitted with the small-pox, and altogether the most inharmonious-looking person that can be imagined; but when she sang she was an angel! such pure and silvery tones surely never issued from a human throat before; this, added to the extreme simplicity of her style, threw a charm and magic round all she did, that was perfectly entrancing. Her singing of 'Little Tafline with her silken sash,' without an ornament of any kind, threw her audience into raptures; and

at her solo in the music of Macbeth, 'Let's have a dance upon the heath,' their enthusiasm reached its highest pitch. Her's was a voice never to be forgotten, and which still lingers on my ear whenever I speak of it.

We had a singer some years after, who, in tone, much resembled her, a Miss Tunstall; but though possessed of much purity of voice and an unaffected style, she was still far inferior to Mrs. Bland.

Four great vocalists immediately preceded my time, Mrs. Billington, Madame Mara, Mr. Harrison, and Mr. Bartleman; none of whom was it my good fortune to hear. Incledon I just remember. I heard him, I believe, on the occasion of his last appearance in public, when he sustained the part of Steady, in 'The Quaker,' at the Surrey Theatre, singing his great song, 'The Lads of the Village.' This made a lasting impression upon me, and enabled me, in after times, so closely to imitate his manner, that I became noted for singing the song, and also for representing the character. Mr. Bartleman—

who always bore the reputation of a vocalist of the highest order, possessing a most refined mind, combined with great energy and judgment —appeared in brighter colours than he otherwise might have done, from being so strongly contrasted with the three basses I have before alluded to, in addition to which he confined himself to singing in oratorios and concerts.

That I ought to have an instructor admitted of no argument. A voice was evidently coming; my patroness observed its approach, and marked its improvement from day to day, but what character it was to assume was still a matter of doubt. My father's friends pointed out Mr. Broadhurst as a likely person to receive me as a pupil and advance my interests. Whilst all connected with this gentleman was being well weighed, my voice declared itself a light baritone, and I was taken to Mr. Arnold, then lessee of the Lyceum, that he might engage me for the choruses, and anything else he might fancy I was capable of executing. In this we succeeded, and I received a salary of two pounds

per week, which at once released me from the toil of colouring engravings; and as this engagement no longer allowed me to devote any time to my splendid painting establishment, or, rather, repository of art, from that moment I may be said to have entered the profession.

I pursued my new avocation most cheerfully, and did not neglect to study the higher branches of musical art. Just at this time Mr. Broadhurst was transplanted from Sadler's Wells Theatre to the Lyceum, which of course strengthened my chance of a favourable introduction to him. He possessed a very good tenor voice, and had a pleasing mode of singing, especially Scotch songs, and the melodies of Tom Moore, which were then (as I think they must ever be) the household songs of the United Kingdom. Without being a musician, he had a high appreciation of the poetry he sang, and would have been an admirable exponent of high art, had his physical powers and musical knowledge been of a different character. He had obtained and cultivated

a large City connection, having the musical direction of most of the City Halls, and a considerable number of pupils. This was the very person for me, and no time was lost in asking him to hear me. He did so, perceived my coming powers, was pleased with the knowledge I had gained, and eventually I was apprenticed to him for five years on the following terms, viz. he to receive the half of all I might earn during that period, and to instruct me in music and singing. I was rather curious to ascertain how much more than myself my master knew, for I had not heard of his singing in any oratorios, or such grand operas as 'Artaxerxes.' My wishes were soon gratified, and I discovered that he had little knowledge of the higher walks of art, but certainly a full conception and understanding of all that was sublime and beautiful.

The season in which I entered on my articles with him was passed, as I had anticipated it would be, in singing the choruses in the theatre, walking in processions, &c., &c.; the only

conspicuous figure I cut being in a piece entitled 'Silent not Dumb,' in which I carried the banner of Sir Hildebrand, a performance which many of my musical friends yet remember. The summer over, I pursued my studies daily at Mr. Broadhurst's house in Leigh Street, Burton Crescent; and my family having moved into lodgings near Covent Garden, my peregrinations were very different from my former walks to Edmonton. Mr. Broadhurst had an excellent grand pianoforte, and all Handel's works. At last, then, I was in my glory. First rapidly, and then studiously, I went through all the oratorios, until I literally knew everything almost by rote.

The spring of the following year brought the usual routine of City dinners; and having learnt all the glees then usually performed, I received from my first engagement *three guineas*, one pound eleven shillings and sixpence of which was to be mine. I cannot express the joy I felt when I placed that sum in the Russell savings bank, Bloomsbury, neither can I express the

pride with which I strutted home conscious *of having some money in the Bank.*

My voice now began gradually to develop itself, and I could sing tolerably down to A, and with some efforts and uncertainty up to E. I learnt many songs within this compass, chiefly by Shield, such as 'The Sapling Oak,' 'As burns the Charger,' 'The Wolf,' 'Who deeply drinks of Wine,' 'Now Phœbus sinketh in the West.' My great song was, however, 'The Sapling Oak.' In addition to my dinner engagements, I enhanced my reputation by singing at some semi-amateur concerts, which were then chiefly held in a large, dark, dingy room in Lincoln's-Inn Square, where we had scarcely light enough to read the programme. These concerts were of a *very* miscellaneous character, consisting of readings, songs, duets, instrumental solos on flutes horns, bassoons, and pianofortes. There was a small platform at one end of the dark room, and near to it a pulpit, from which the readings or recitations were generally delivered. One gentleman (an amateur) was an immense favourite:

he recited comic poems, and had a very comic face; everybody laughed long before he spoke, and long after he had finished, but why they did so I could never discover. His nose was a very extraordinary one, being long, prominent, thin, and lying flat down on one cheek. I had an idea that it was a limb of great flexibility, and could be turned on either side at pleasure; but having met him at several concerts, I found it was always on the one cheek, so of course must have been a fixture. This feature, added to large rigid eyes, without the slightest expression, did not in the least convey any comic idea in the poetry recited. 'The Batt'e of Prague' was the grand pianoforte solo, and that most frequently played. The popular duets were 'The Manly Heart' (Mozart), and 'When a little Farm we keep,' which I well remember, being sung on several occasions by a very young man, very shoppish in his appearance, and an elderly lady, dressed like a girl, who smiled and tried to blush, when they alluded to the different employments they should have to arrange *when*

they kept the little farm. Altogether, these were most amusing concerts: they answered my purpose, however, by increasing my reputation, and giving me courage for attempting greater things when the opportunity for doing so should arrive. From each of these concerts I used to receive a guinea, sometimes two.

Mr. Broadhurst was now in the very zenith of his popularity. He had more pupils than he could teach, more public dinners than he could attend; so that, what with dinners, concerts, and private parties, every evening saw us at one or the other, or, perhaps, at all three. Busy as he was, he added the theatre to his list, and engaged with Charles Kemble at Covent Garden. He had not been long there, before all my professional friends urged his getting me heard, which, after much fear and hesitation, he consented to do. An opportunity for this presented itself in an opera ('The Law of Java'), which Sir Henry Bishop was composing, and which was to be opened with a glee, or chorus, as most of Sir Henry's operas were. An addi-

tional bass being required, it was arranged that a glee should be written for Mr. Goulden, alto; Mr. Pyne, tenor; and myself: and this was no other than the celebrated trio and chorus, 'Mynheer Vandunk.' Dressed as Dutchmen, and seated at a round table, on which were bottles and glasses, the curtain rose after the overture, and our glee began. Its effect was nothing, and we usually walked off the stage without a round of applause. The understanding with Mr. Broadhurst was, that I was to sing for a few nights gratuitously, and, if approved, might be offered an engagement. Thus I continued for some five or six nights, but no notice was taken of me. I continually looked at the side wings, to see if the manager was standing there with a proposal; but no, all was still, and as I went on the stage, so I was suffered to go off. This became very tiring, especially as on many occasions it prevented my accepting other engagements. I urged Mr. Broadhurst to ask the manager's opinion and intention; but, no, he said, try it *a little longer*. I did; the result

was the same. So at last, losing all patience, I resolved to settle the question myself, and set the matter at rest. The next morning, I went to the theatre and desired to speak with Mr. Charles Kemble. The theatrical Gold-Stick-in-Waiting delivered my message, and after a due lapse of time, ushered me into the presence. There sat Charles Kemble, in managerial pride, in a dingy, dusky, dark room, lolling in a great arm-chair, behind a huge baize-covered table, strewed with letters, play-bills, posters, baskets, all in seeming confusion.

"Well, sir," he exclaimed, in a half negligent tone, "what may be your business?"

"I wish to speak with you in reference to the glee I sing in the opera."

"Well," he asked, "what do you want?"

"An engagement, sir," I said.

"An engagement!" he echoed, laughingly; "and what to do?"

"Anything," I said.

"What do you expect to receive?"

"Anything," was still my answer; "say *two guineas a week.*"

"What!" exclaimed His Majesty; "two guineas?—why, sir, you are not worth two shillings; they can't hear you over the third row of the pit."

"Indeed!" I replied; "then I wish you good morning."

"Stop!" hallooed Kemble; "you'll sing the glee to-night?"

"No! If I do, I'm what you induced me to represent myself—a Dutchman!"

Away I hastened from the building, and never beheld his face again, until a few years had passed, when he sought my services at forty pounds per week.

CHAPTER V.

HAVING failed in all my hopes at Covent Garden, I returned to my studies, and to my attendance at the City Hall dinners, and at private concerts, until Mr. Broadhurst went for a fortnight's engagement to the Bath Theatre; on the last evening of which engagement he was to have a benefit: and, thinking this a favourable opportunity of introducing me to the provincial public, he had me down from London to sing a couple of songs in a musical melange between the play and farce. This visit to Bath brought me into immediate contact with the far-famed John Loder, who led the orchestra in the theatre there, and had been an inhabitant of the city

from boyhood. I had heard so much of this gentleman from my mother, of his talent, his severity, sarcasm, and the dread in which all and everybody held him, that I trembled at the thought of coming under his lash. I was even then, however, philosophical enough to look upon this ordeal as only one of the many trials I must undergo before the point I aimed at could be gained.

I rehearsed with the orchestra on the morning of performance, my songs being 'The Sapling Oak,' and, I think, 'As burns the Charger'—both by Shield. To my surprise, and, I believe not less so, to that of my master, Loder was particularly gracious, took great pains to render the orchestra subservient to my mode and style of singing, and in the evening complimented me highly on what I had done. This was decidedly a step in advance: in fact, an engagement was offered me for the following season, which offer we accepted, being likewise promised good practice in the baritone parts of the then best operas.

Though Bath was not what it had been in

former years, it still retained much of its elegance and refinement, and at every turn we met with the most polished society. I returned to London by one of the old or new companies' coaches, I forget which, though I well remember the strange social distinctions which those coaching periods created; the inside passengers would not breakfast or dine in the same room with the outside. His mode of travelling seemed to stamp a person's position in life, just as a fashionable man was considered effeminate, *because he always took soup twice.*

On my return to London, I boarded and lodged with Mr. Broadhurst, which arrangement was considered more advantageous to me in every way. He gave a concert at Newbury, where a number of his friends and relations resided; and this circumstance introduced me to a more superior style of performances than those at which I had hitherto appeared in Lincoln's Inn Square. I sang on that evening 'Honour and Arms,' Handel; and acquitted myself so well, that Charles Taylor and Bellamy, who sang that evening,

complimented me very highly on my style and energetic delivery of the air.

Settled again in London, I took any dinner engagements that offered, and studied with redoubled vigour, adding to my previous knowledge, the operas of 'Rosini,' 'Mercadante,' &c. Looking forward to the coming summer season at the Lyceum, and the engagement so immediately after at Bath, I really felt importance growing upon me, and had an inward wish to see a little more of the world than I had hitherto been enabled to do.

Private theatricals were then at fever height in London, and circumstances induced me to enter into the fun and frolic they frequently produced. Each establishment had its committee, and it was very amusing to witness the gravity with which matters of the most trifling importance would be discussed; such meetings generally terminating with somebody being turned out, and somebody else, if possible more bigotted, being brought in.

The theatre of greatest repute was that in

Berwick Street, Soho, and this establishment was favoured by my constant attendance. I was elected one of the committee, and frequently the chosen leader of circumstances, good or evil. I never sang or played, but belonging to a public theatre, my experience and advice was deemed important, especially with reference to the arrangement of the orchestra, which was really very respectable, considering the mixture of amateurs, of which, of necessity, it was composed. Our leader was an amateur of great experience, so far as years could make him so; the only qualities in which he was deficient being, unhappily, time and tune. In leading off an overture, he would sometimes beat *three* in a bar instead of *four*, to the great perplexity of the rest of the orchestra; but when such mistakes happened he gave a complacent smile, as much as to say, "It's not of much consequence;" and coming in right somewhere, played with redoubled vigour. The rest of the instruments executed their parts as nearly in the same key as possible, and all seemed well satisfied and

proud of their efforts. We had only one troublesome gentleman in that department, known by the cognomen of *Old Waterloo;* he was our trombone, had been in the army, at the battle of Waterloo, which, unfortunately for us, he survived, in order to come home, retire from the service, live on a little money left him, and become one of our committee. The great delight of his life was, playing on the veritable trombone that he had blown on that battle field. He *would* have a solo of some kind during every evening, and played so fearfully loud that the general exclamation was, "*If Old Waterloo plays I won't sit in the box opposite to him.*"

On a certain evening it was proposed to have the tragedy of 'Hamlet,' a solo on the trombone, and the musical after-piece of 'Rosina.' A little gentleman, one of the committee, proposed to play Hamlet, which amazed us all, for he was remarkably short and thick set, and had a most forbidding cast in his eye. We mildly expostulated, but he was firm, said it was his

turn to select what should be done, and that to play Hamlet was his desire, and *had been for years.*

We very quietly, but very resolutely, determined to have our turn if he persevered, for we all agreed that such an exhibition would be a disgrace to us, and, in fact, might ruin the establishment. In addition to all this, young Hamlet had selected a middle-aged lady to play Ophelia. She was a person of independent property; and, in proposing her, he said, that though she was certainly not so young as he could have desired, he knew her worth. And, indeed, we had no doubt he had done all in his power to ascertain it.

It now became a matter of consideration how we could annoy Hamlet sufficiently to prevent his performing; and if that could not be accomplished, at all events to avoid a repetition, which, if all went smoothly, he had the power of demanding. Various suggestions were made, but none seemed feasible, till at last the remainder of the committee thought they might

leave the affair in my hands, as I had effectually got rid of a very troublesome leader of the band on a former occasion, by making him play 'God save the King' before the play, after, and at the end of each act, which extravagant show of loyalty caused him to leave the theatre in disgust. I was then desired to invent some plan for the entertainment of Hamlet, and, delighting as I did in a practical joke, if there was no harm in it, I accepted the commission *con amore*. All the committee were at my disposal to assist, but I kept my plans to myself, and became the chief actor on that memorable night. The evening arrived, and so did the audience, crowding the theatre in every part, as people generally do when the admission is gratuitous; even the box opposite to *Old Waterloo* was full on that occasion.

The overture began, which overture was a most singular selection, being that to 'Il Don Giovanni,' not very complimentary to Hamlet; but, I presume chosen without thought. During its performance Waterloo tickled up the ghost

with his trombone tremendously. The overture having been struggled through, and all arriving at the last bar nearly together, up went the curtain, and up went I into the flies; creeping from thence over the rafters which supported the ceiling of the pit, I came to an aperture from which it had been originally intended to suspend a chandelier; but this plan proving too expensive, the hole served merely as a ventilator. I had armed myself with a long pea shooter, rather flattened at one end, together with a good sized bag of the finest Scotch snuff I could obtain.

The first act passed over pretty well, with merely a few titters and sarcastic bravos at the elegant Hamlet, all of which he received as genuine.

The second act commenced, I filled my pea shooter with the snuff, and, at the moment when Hamlet enters, and the Queen exclaims, "But look where sadly the poor wretch comes reading," gently blew my first cloud. The poor wretch little thought what was in store

for him; the cloud descended beautifully, spreading like a ring on water, and, like a trusty servant, did its errand well, by reaching the upper tier of boxes, when a few unmistakeable sneezes and coughings took place, particularly among the fair sex, who sneezed and laughed, and were called to silence. A *second cloud* now took its course, and the occupants of the lower boxes joined the epidemic of the upper. A third cloud, and the gallery and pit joined in, interrupted by cries of "shame." They sneezed and coughed in volleys of some six dozen at a time, when Hamlet stood forward, and majestically demanded the cause. The only reply was a universal sneeze, in which the orchestra now joined. The Queen left the stage; Ophelia rushed on to drag Hamlet away, when both were suddenly seized with the universal epidemic, and stood sneezing and nodding at each other, like two mandarins in a China closet.

The curtain was dropped, the lights were put out, the audience departed, and thus ter-

minated the career of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, who, I have no doubt, foaming with disappointment, sneezed and coughed for many hours after.

CHAPTER VI.

OUR superintendent of the green curtain at this private theatre was one Mr. Billy Brown, who came to oblige me, and gave the advantage of his services to the company. He occupied a similar post at Drury Lane theatre for many years, and was noted for his ready wit, and love of music. He was a tall athletic Irishman, with a countenance that beamed with good humour, while his quickness of repartee was remarkable. This was once displayed during a trial in Westminster Hall, when Billy Brown was summoned as a witness, and when his evidence might have operated materially against his master, the lessee of Drury Lane. Billy's daily employment was

that of a carpenter; and he entered the witness box in his ordinary costume, very dirty, and rather ragged. The opposition counsel did all in his power to confuse Mr. Brown, but that gentleman was not so easily thrown off his guard. During the examination, he was asked if the clothes he appeared in were his best.

"Ah! sure, indeed and they are not, Sir," said he.

"Oh! then you have better clothes, which you appear in on a Sunday?"

"It's mighty thrue, Sir."

"A white waistcoat, grey coat, knee breeches, and smart ribbons?"

"Yuv met me somewhere," said Billy.

"No," replied the barrister, "I have not; but since you confess that you have better clothes, are you not ashamed to appear in court in that disgraceful state?"

"Not at all!" said Billy (pointing to the judge); "sure his lordship's in his working dress, and I'm in mine!"

"Stand down, Mr. Brown," was the barrister's natural order after this.

During this season at the Lyceum, the opera of 'The Devil's Bridge' was to be performed, and Mr. Pearman, our primo tenore, being suddenly seized with illness, I was called on to read the part and sing the music, which I did at an hour's notice, and acquitted myself so well that it considerably enhanced my reputation.

Previous to this, I had a part assigned me in an after-piece, called, 'Gordon the Gipsy,' in which I had to sing a song, beginning with these lovely and poetical lines,—

"Urge the slow rising smoke,
Give the faggots a poke"—

words well calculated to expand and enlighten the youthful mind.

The season having terminated, I went to fulfil my engagement in Bath, where I first met my friend Tom Millar, who eventually settled in that city, and was, for many years, the most eminent vocal instructor of its inhabitants. Excellent

parts were given me, in the old operas as promised, and I found an arrangement had also been made with Signor de Begnis for a few representations of Italian Operas. The troupe consisted of Madame Ronzi de Begnis, soprano; Signor Begrez, tenore; Signor Placci, basso, and De Begnis, buffo. The operas selected were 'Il Barbiere,' and 'Il Turco in Italia.' A second bass being required, I was appointed to 'Don Basiglio' and 'Il Poeta' in 'Il Turco.'

This was a great opportunity for me, and raised me immensely in the musical world; in fact, placed me above all the young baritones of the day; Madame Ronzi was one of the most beautiful singers of her time, having a clear brilliant soprano, added to which she was an exceedingly lovely woman, while her husband was a man singularly ugly, but an excellent actor, and with a rapidity of pronunciation that I never heard equalled. Signor Placci was a tolerable singer of the more sustained school, but not approaching anything like eminence. Signor Begrez was more French than Italian, quite a lady's

man, with a habit of bravoing everybody, whether they deserved it or not.

The operas having terminated, after a very successful run, the play of Kenilworth was produced, with great splendour, in which I sang the glee of 'The Red Cross Knight,' adding, by the solo I had in it, still more to my fame.

I had now advanced so much in public reputation, that Mr. Loder engaged me for one of his grand concerts at the assembly rooms, when Mrs. Salmon, Miss Stephens, and Mr. Braham were to sing. This was indeed an important circumstance, and my songs were to be 'Now Heaven in fullest Glory,' and 'Lascia Amor,' Handel. I sang them over to Mr. Loder, Mr. Windsor, and Sir William Bagshaw, (the great musical amateur of Bath,) who all declared I sang them exceedingly well. This gave me courage, and I went fearlessly into the orchestra at night. Mr. Braham, unknown to me, listened; and when I had finished, complimented me; and said, if I were industrious I should be *sure* to rise. He then, in the kindest manner, took me

aside, and imparted to me the theory and secret of musical declamation, which I need scarcely say, *I never forgot.* Amongst other things he said, "Observe what I tell you; as you advance you will have twenty blunderbusses continually levelled at your head. Every means and every artifice will be used to destroy your reputation, and depress your talent, but have no fear, pursue your path with vigour and with courage, and your enemies will fly before you."

I marvelled, and could scarcely credit what he said; but, indeed, afterwards, I found his words only *too true*, and have frequently repeated the caution to my younger brethren when they came, in after life, under my guidance.

I had reached now a higher position than I could have hoped for in so short a time, and was generally acknowledged as a rising artiste, when Mr. Loder informed me that a new church, at Clifton, Bristol, was about to be opened with a grand performance of the 'Messiah,' which Sir

George Smart was to conduct, and that he should try to place me as the principal bass.

This was rare news indeed; he promised to write immediately to Sir George, and endeavour to obtain his consent. Sir George objected, on the ground that I must be a very young man, and the risk was too great to run upon such an occasion.

This threw a sad gloom over me. Mr. Loder still persevered; and it was arranged that as Sir George was coming to Bath, he should hear me, and that the bills should not be issued until after our interview.

These preliminaries settled, and the morning appointed for the interview, Mr. Loder begged me to bring half-a-guinea, and present it after the hearing, as in consideration of a lesson. This I tremblingly obeyed, for that sum to me was one of vast amount, and I well knew what I should have to suffer when it was gone. However, there was no evading so positive a command, and accordingly, I, with my half-guinea, went to Mr. Loder's house of business in

Milsom Street, prepared for the worst in *every way*.

Sir George received me in a large empty music room, on the first-floor, over the shop, where stood a grand pianoforte.

"So, sir," said he, "you are bold enough to take upon yourself the task of singing through the 'Messiah,' eh!"

I answered, "that I was."

"Well, let me hear you—here is a copy. Do you think you can see over my shoulder?"

I replied, "No doubt: but it is not necessary."

"Oh, indeed!" said Sir George. "What, you can sing it from memory, eh? Well, we shall see. Perhaps you'll oblige me by standing at the other end of the instrument."

"Certainly, sir."

And away went Sir George with, "Thus saith the Lord;" and I as boldly followed with vigorous exactness. At its termination, he exclaimed—

"Upon my honour, that is very extraordinary!"

I thought he was jesting, for I could see nothing extraordinary about it.

"Perhaps, sir," he continued, "you could oblige me with the next song, 'The People that walketh in Darkness,' in the same way?"

"Certainly," I said.

And through it I went with equal truth. I observed a smile upon his countenance every now and then, when coming to the chromatic passages, evidently thinking I should trip: but, no, nothing could move me from my path.

When I had finished, he said, "That's enough, I'm quite satisfied. And now, let me ask you, do you know anything of the tenor songs?"

"Yes, sir, all."

"And the soprano?"

"All."

"And the contralto?"

"All."

"And possibly the chorusses?"

"Yes, sir, every one."

I then offered him the fee, neatly done up in white paper.

"What's this?" said he.

"Your fee, sir. Allow me to consider this as a lesson."

"Nothing of the kind," said Sir George, "put it in your pocket," (and placing his hand on my shoulder) he continued, "I have been much pleased and surprised, and *will be your friend as long as I live.*"

CHAPTER VII.

THE posters for the 'Messiah' were now issued, and, for the first time, I beheld my name announced as a principal singer in an oratorio. This well rewarded me for all the labour I had undergone; for during the whole period of my residence in Bath I had borrowed classical works of all kinds from various people, and frequently studied till two o'clock in the morning, and risen with the sun to commence my pleasant toil again.

A difficulty now presented itself which I had not foreseen. I had no suit of black to appear in—what was to be done? for in those days, as in the time of Handel, it was customary

for every one to be dressed in black when the 'Messiah' was performed. I was mentioning my position to a very intimate friend, Mr. Garbett, a celebrated alto in that locality, a man as notorious for his penurious habits as for his vocal powers, when he proposed my walking with him to Frome, some fifteen miles from Bath, where he offered to introduce me to a friend of his, who would sell me some cloth very reasonably. To this I readily assented, bought the cloth, and walked back with it.

The next thing was how to get the suit made. The trowsers and waistcoat I managed to put together myself, by picking to pieces some old garments, from which I cut out my pattern, but the coat puzzled me: so I mortgaged my engagement to a tailor, and thus got over my last perplexity.

All being completed, I buckled on my armour, which really looked very respectable: but when I unbuckled it, I found that I had sewed all the buttons of my waistcoat by one long thread, which breaking at one point, away went all the rest.

Most fortunately this did not occur till I returned home.

Being so thoroughly conversant with the oratorio, I sang with every confidence, and was much complimented by all parties on my first effort. The papers also spoke highly in my praise, and, no doubt, I then took another step in advance.

Not long afterwards I was engaged for a second concert of Mr. Loder's, at Bath, and amongst other things, had to sing the bass of a 'Gloria in Excelsis,' in which there was a solo with an interval that for the life of me I could not hit. What to do puzzled me exceedingly. I had by this time become perfectly conversant with the temper and habits of my severe taskmaster, Mr. John Loder, and felt an inward assurance that if I missed this interval he might be tempted to throw his violin at me. The time arrived for the quartett to be sung, and very well all went on till it came to the awful solo, when, just a bar previous to the dreaded interval, the copy slipped out of my hands, and fell over

in front of the orchestra. A gentleman immediately rose from his seat and handed me the copy. It was very kind of him, but the solo had passed, and I sang through the rest of the 'Gloria' with confidence and correctness, *every one thinking it was an accident.* My horror was not over, however, for it flashed across me —"suppose it's encored—what in the name of fortune shall I do?"

In addition to the praise I obtained for my singing in the 'Messiah,' Sir George promised to introduce me at the Lenten oratorios in London, then held alternately at Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres.

Before I quit Bath for the season, and return to London, I cannot resist inserting some very clever lines, written by the Rev. Mr. Graves, of Claverton, on the founding of the city of Bath, by Bladud. The fable (if it be one) gave rise to that distinction of society in Bath and Bristol which resembles that of Manchester and Liverpool. The inhabitants of Bath were most re-

fined, while the merchant princes of the neighbouring city were termed Bristol Hogs. The lines run thus—

"When Bladud once espied some hogs,
Lie wallowing in the steaming bogs,
Whence issue forth those sulph'rous springs,
Since honor'd by more potent kings;
Vex'd at the brutes alone possessing
What ought t' have been a common blessing,
He drove them thence in mighty wrath,
And built the stately town of Bath.
The hogs thus banish'd by their prince
Have lived in Bristol ever since." *

My engagements, trifling as they were, still increased in London. Lent approached, and Sir George, faithfully remembering his promise, I appeared at the oratorios, and I may say, failed; at least, I did not produce the effect it was thought I should.

These performances, when I look back upon them, were comparatively of a very primitive kind. A sort of painted theatrical front, of

* *Observe*—I am a Bristol Hog myself.

gothic pattern, was placed on the stage near the foot lights, there were a few chairs for the principal singers, a chorus of some eighty voices an orchestra of about fifty performers, the conductor, with his back to us, looking the orchestra full in the face, and an old organ belonging to the theatre. I fancy it must have been much on a par with the period of Handel; with this exception, that however sacred the first part of the evening might have been, it always terminated with a secular act of the most common and frivolous music. Habit reconciled the public to this strange *mélange*, and I suppose it answered a purpose.

My failure, if it may be so termed, did not arise, I believe, from any lack of style or energy, but from the want of physical power. I obtained no favour till an oratorio of Sir John Stevenson's was produced, entitled 'The Thanksgiving,' in which I had a recitative and air, 'The Snares of Death,' with a bassoon *obligato*, which at once brought me into notice. It chanced to suit me exactly, my sustained upper notes telling *won-*

derfully, and it never failed in being *tremendously* encored.

The wedge was now driven in, and the door of popularity evidently opened to me; but who can prophecy events to come. My course was destined not to run smooth; the blunderbusses Mr. Braham spoke of were already loaded, primed, cocked, presented, and anon we shall see the result.

The orchestra in which I had won my first laurels was not altogether new to me; for when a lad, soon after I first appeared at the Haymarket, my father took me into the pit of Drury Lane Theatre, to hear one of these Lenten performances, in which Madame Catalani and Mr. Braham sang; also John Barnett, who, I remember, was placed on a chair or stool to sing his song *à la Braham*.

The wonderful vocal powers of Catalani were then the theme of all musical England, and certainly surprising they were. Her great achievement was the singing and acting of 'Rule Britannia.' The chorus, the orchestra,

and the organ tried to overpower her voice, but through all, such was her prodigious power, she could be heard as distinctly as if she was singing alone, and the effect was certainly *electrical.* There was, however, a peculiarity in her singing which made a lasting impression on me, viz., when she executed a roulade, or shake, the mouth and chin moved violently at every note, which to me had not only a most *extraordinary* but *most ludicrous* effect; in fact it appeared strange and unaccountable. I resolved to discover its cause, or rather why it was done, and soon found that by such means an inflexible voice might execute the most elaborate cadenzas, so that I presume her voice by nature, was not constituted for the execution it had by art attained. In consequence of her extraordinary stentorian powers, the public began to think that a great singer must shout tremendously, and the rising artists were, no doubt, more or less affected by this feeling, which took a hold on the public mind generally; even the musical world felt or participated in this prejudice, an

evidence of which I experienced when first engaged to sing in the North of England.

Our great guns at the London oratorios at the time I mention were Miss Stephens, Mrs. Salmon, Miss M. Tree, Miss Love (the first contralto I remember of great depth of voice), and Mr. Braham: he was a rare mimic, and at times very witty. He would often refer to one of Catalani's weaknesses, viz.: boasting of the various articles of jewellery she possessed. Certainly they were very costly, and she would walk round our room saying,—"You see dis brooch? de Emperor of Austria gave me dis. You see dese earrings? de Emperor of Russia gave me dese. You see dis ring? de Emperor Napoleon gave me dis," and so on. Mr. Braham, in imitation of this, would say, pointing to his umbrella,—"You see dis? de Emperor of China gave me dis." Then, pointing to his teeth, "de King of Tuscany gave me dese."

My success in Sir John Stephenson's oratorio induced Mr. Kemble to offer me an engage-

ment at Covent Garden, to play Artabanes in 'Artaxerxes,' with Miss Paton, Madame Vestris, and Mr. Braham, which I accepted, and—Now came the blunderbusses!

Mr. Isaacs, a gentleman of Hebrew extraction, was the principal baritone of the theatre, and certainly possessed a very beautiful voice, sonorous, clear in articulation, and of great compass; he was moreover an excellent actor. I was considered by many of his friends an intruder, and a *casus belli* was immediately looked for. My voice, still weak, was further impaired by *extreme nervousness*; for I was told that I should be vigorously opposed, as indeed I was, partly for the reason before stated, and partly because my powers were really inadequate to the task. On my entrance, I was so bewildered that I actually did not know *where I was*, and could not even hear the chord given me in the orchestra. It had to be repeated many times before my ear had recovered its tone. I then proceeded, and sang my first song, at the termination of which I was hooted, hissed,

groaned at—all but pelted. This was repeated at every opportunity throughout the opera; and the next morning I had the gratification of seeing on the large placards of the newspapers, in more staring letters than the rest, this dreadful announcement—

MR. H. PHILLIPS' TOTAL FAILURE AT COVENT GARDEN LAST NIGHT.

A remarkably pleasant incident in my musical recollections! However, I fulfilled my engagement; and on the third or fourth night I remarked to Madame Vestris, as we left the stage during the first act, that I was getting quite popular.

"How so?" she inquired.

"Why, I haven't been hissed once!"

The opposition had but little effect on me; first, because I knew of one reason for it; and, secondly, because I knew my want of vocal power, and that my voice would improve with time.

Thus, without any further incident of im-

portance, the winter passed, and the summer was coming. A fortunate season, too, it proved for me; for during that period, Mr. William Hawes, who was most intimate with Mr. Arnold, lessee of the Lyceum, proposed the production of an opera which had made a great sensation in Germany, viz., 'Der Freyschutz.' Many were the consultations held upon the subject, and a morning was at last appointed to hear the work at the pianoforte. A number of judges, professional and amateur, assembled on the occasion, when great doubts were expressed with reference to its success. Some thought it in parts too hideous; others that the music was wild and extravagant, and would never suit the English taste; while all agreed that it would not be tolerated beyond the incantation scene. Two only out of the assembly thought otherwise, and these were Mr. Hawes and Mr. Arnold. The former was loud in his praise of the music; the latter resolved to try the experiment; and a translation was at once directed to be made, the orchestra parts to

be got ready, and a band rehearsal, or rather trial, to be rapidly arranged. This done, it was decided to produce the opera, whatever its result might be.

The Lyceum Company was then not strictly operatic. It was a mere mixture of actors and vocalists, just sufficient to produce the ordinary musical dramas. So singers had to be specially engaged; and, the tenor being *very important*, Mr. Braham was enlisted in our cause. Then came the casting of the opera, the most important personage in which, after the soprano and tenor, was Caspar, the bass. New scenery had to be painted, of a complicated character, and at least twenty clever little devils engaged for the incantation scene. All the arrangements were complete, with the exception of Caspar. How was that to be decided? The character was considered of importance as an acting part, and the music most important and difficult. No doubt seemed to exist but that I was the person to sing it; but I was too young and inexperienced to act it. So, as a last resource, they

resolved to cut Caspar in two, and create me Rollo, his companion; while Caspar was to be represented by Mr. Bennet, a tragedian on the establishment. I thus became a sort of junior partner in all his rascalities, who sang for him, wheedled his customers, and when the firm broke, was saved from the general wreck, and allowed to retire upon a pension, which was my evening's salary. Thus, on July the 20th, 1824, 'Der Freyschütz' was first performed in England, the cast being as follows:—

Ottacar (a Bohemian Prince) .	Mr. Baker.
Kuno (Head Ranger to the Prince) .	Mr. Bartley.
Caspar (First Huntsman) . .	Mr. Bennet.
Rodolph (Second Huntsman) .	Mr. Braham.
Rollo (Third Huntsman) . . .	Mr. H. Phillips.
Killian (a Villager)	Mr. Tayleure.
Zamiel (the Forest Fiend) . .	Mr. T. P. Cooke.
Agnes (Kuno's Daughter) . .	Miss Noel.
Ann (her Cousin)	Miss Povey.

It seemed as if all that was difficult and precarious fell to my share, for what could be more difficult than the task assigned me in this opera? I seriously felt my position, for, without

the merit of performing the character entire, I had all the responsibility of the extraordinarily wild and difficult music. The first song, I felt assured, would either mar or make the position I was placed in; it was that wild and almost unearthly drinking song, 'Life is darkened o'er with woe.' I had been given to understand that in Germany it was customary for Caspar to make a few uncouth steps, a sort of dancing, to the symphonies of the song, but this was so imperfectly conveyed to me, that I scarcely understood it; a something of the subject gleamed across me, and a study of the situation caused me to imagine that a man placed as I was, inducing a fellow-huntsman to use the magic bullet to save, if not myself, most certainly my head partner from perdition, would naturally have recourse to the most desperate means to accomplish his purpose on the instant; then there flashed across me a memory of some American Indians I had seen the season before exhibited at the Lyceum, in a melodrama written for them, in which they went through their war dance in

the most excited and determined manner imaginable. I resolved to carry out the idea in the action of my song, but disguised my intention till the first evening of the performance, fearful lest the manager might object, if he observed it at rehearsal.

The house on that eventful night was thronged with Germans; the overture encored, the curtain rose, and all proceeded quietly and well, till it came to my drinking song. Young and enthusiastic, I cared for nothing; so carrying out my intention, I danced and sang with the desperation of a man on the very verge of destruction. At the termination of my song I got *gloriously hissed*, but there were a few demands for an encore, which being insisted on I sang it again, amid a storm of "noes" and "bravoes." Mr. Arnold ran about tearing his hair, and exclaiming, "That *young rascal has ruined the opera!*" At its termination I received a storm of hisses, which resembled a shower of sky-rockets at Vauxhall. The opera again proceeded pretty smoothly until it came to the in-

cantation scene. Fresh misfortunes now broke out; it being the first night the owl's wings were stiff, and one only flapped when it screamed, so *the owl got hissed.* The next mishap arose from the skeleton horses and dogs, which stuck fast in the middle of the stage, and so *they got hissed;* the red fire was held too near the nose of Zamiel, and set him coughing, so *he got hissed.* This dreadful scene over, the rest of the opera proceeded, and terminated without opposition, or, indeed, any positive signs of disapproval or success: the summing up was, that Phillips, the owl, the horses, dogs, and Zamiel *got well hissed.* This was nothing new to me—I was *sure* to be in for it, so I bore my fate with fortitude, treated it lightly as I thought it deserved, until, in the end, the drinking song became one of the great features of the opera, being nightly and enthusiastically encored. The manager objected in strong terms to my mania for dancing, but it was of no use. I stuck to it like Oscar Byrne, dance I would, and dance I did. It is really very droll that dancing

should twice have formed a feature in my musical career; first in 'Der Freyschütz,' and afterwards in 'Il Barbiere,' in which I represented Figaro, and yet dancing is a thing I abominate.

My first distaste for the exercise I date to an attempt at school to teach me the five positions, the first of which so strained my feet, that I thought I must have been crippled for life, so I created a dance peculiar to myself, which was afterwards imitated when the opera was transplanted to Drury Lane and Covent Garden, but which fell, like all copies, far short of the mode in which I had imitated the wild and unrestrained beings from whom I took my idea. How little I thought, while viewing the uncouth and extraordinary gestures of those rude Indians, that learning their accomplishments would lay the foundation-stone of my future reputation, and how much less could I then have believed that I should in after days visit their country, and ass hours in their very homes.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE season having terminated at the English Opera House, as it was called, I returned for the last time to Bath, where, in addition to the theatre, I was engaged by Mr. Loder for all his grand concerts, and to sing besides at numerous oratorios and secular evenings in Bristol, Exeter, Plymouth, Gloucester, Worcester, Cheltenham, &c. &c. Mr. Alfred Bunn was the lessee of the Birmingham Theatre, and travelled to Bath for the purpose of offering me an engagement, which I think I should have accepted, but that he stipulated I should sing 'The Wolf' and other songs between the play and farce. The very thought of 'The Wolf' horrified me, and I

refused. This was the first interview I had with my after manager, under whose direction so many of the most eventful circumstances of my after career were destined to occur. During this season a piece called 'Tom and Jerry' was produced in London, and afterwards brought down to Bath, in which I had the honour of representing no less than nine different characters, the most prominent of which was an old Charley, or watchman, in which I crossed the stage and sung, accompanied by the orchestra, 'Past two o'clock and a cloudy morning.' The melody took such an extraordinary hold of the public, that I became the point of attraction, and never failed to be encored. I think the song was in the key of D, and went down to A, as low as I then could audibly sing.

"One evening I came on as usual, and the orchestra gave me the chord, which certainly did not sound so well as on other occasions. I began my theme, and thought it very strange I could scarcely produce a note, although I had been in excellent voice but five minutes before. I

made another effort, and the result was the same. A dread came over me that I *had suddenly lost my voice.* I looked with a shake of the head down to the orchestra for commiseration, when, judge of my astonishment, I beheld John Loder and the entire orchestra convulsed with laughter. My rigid and severe friend had given me a chord *only one fourth too low.* I shall never forget it, neither I am sure will he.

Before leaving the ancient city of Bath, I must not forget a very droll circumstance which occurred during a solo I had to sing in a piece, called 'Cherry and fair Star,' which was splendidly produced. At the termination of the first act, the scene represents a harbour, with a fort on each side, on one of which I was stationed, sword in hand, attired as a Turkish officer, with soldiers close to me; and my business was to welcome, in a rather long solo, a huge vessel which entered the harbour, freighted with the lovely Fair Star, or Cherry (I do not remember which was the lady)—my solo termi-

nated with a long cadenza and shake. Just as I came to the shake, a Mr. Latham, who was in the habit of saying and doing very funny things, whispered something *most absurd* in my ear, and the shake gradually grew into a loud, irresistible laugh, in which *the entire audience joined;* the papers next day complimenting me on the extraordinary discovery I had made in the art of vocalization.

The season having terminated—which it usually did in March—I returned to London by one of the old company's coaches, and had a long, dreary journey, which occupied from fourteen to fifteen hours. A vast number of coaches were then upon the road : one, called the 'Regulator,' was a great, clumsy, slow affair, and looked down on by the other coachmen with the greatest contempt and dislike ; for it carried more passengers, and took them for less than the other vehicles. A standard joke amongst the gentlemen of the whip was, when they met it, to ask the parties sitting near,—"Do you know vy they calls that 'ere coach the Regelatur ?"

"No!" was of course the reply

"Vy, because all the rest goes by it!"

My voice, style, and knowledge, were now much improved, and I sang again at the Lenten oratorios, which were still under the direction of Sir George Smart, and gradually gained favour with the public. I chanced to produce a great effect in singing with Miss Stephens Mozart's duet, 'G'ovenette', from 'Il Don Giovanni.' I had gained much of the manner of the Italian Buffo, by appearing in the operas, and singing so much with Signor de Begnis; and the encores we received were tremendous. Just then de Begnis had introduced a laughing trio, 'Vadasi via di qua,' which soon became popular, and was sung in the secular act by Miss Stephens, Mr. Braham, and myself; the ordinary understanding being, that we were to sing it through *three times*. It never failed in its effect, this result being compassed partly by Miss Stephens, who was too modest to laugh out loud, and greatly by Mr. Braham, who, not having the most remote idea of laughing, rendered his efforts ludicrous in

the extreme, so that in fact I had all the laughing to myself; and, rest assured, I turned it to good account, by making conspicuous, as far as eye or finger could do it, the fruitless efforts of my partners.

One evening I hit upon a mode of increasing the laughter of my auditors, by the following stratagem. Having been encored, and Miss Stephens and Mr. Braham having sat down, I remained standing and singing away without the orchestra, as if I was unconscious of the termination of the accompaniment, which threw the audience into positive convulsions. A re-demand was the immediate consequence; so up we stood again, and having sang it twice through, down I sat, seemingly not knowing what I was about. This caused another roar of merriment, in which the lady and gentleman heartily joined; and no one ever suspected that the whole affair was intentional on my part.

My name now began to assume an important feature in these performances, and led to my

introduction to many of the nobility and leading musical amateurs of the day, amongst others to Sir George Warrender, who introduced me to the Catch Club, of which I was elected a member in 1828. Here I became acquainted with William Knyvett, Vaughan, Bellamy, John Sale, Leete, Terrail, Spencer, Elliot, Horsley, Evans, &c., &c., &c. My voice, though light, told well in glees, and I was not long before I gained much favour in this prince of clubs, especially by my rendering of Horsley's beautiful glee, 'Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,' which Bartleman had been celebrated for singing. It was the members of this club that first induced me to study the writings of Purcell, in which I ever after took so much delight; and my execution of his scenas certainly added to my reputation. Tom Welsh was one of the great exponents of 'Mad Tom,' said to have been composed by Purcell; but of this there seems to be great doubt. It was then thought a wonderful thing for a man to sit at the pianoforte and accompany himself in such a piece of music!

My most successful effort was in Purcell's scena, 'Ye twice ten hundred Deities.' They used to relate an anecdote connected with this song; viz., that when Bartleman sang it at the Ancient Concerts, the brother of a noble director, not overburdened with knowledge, hearing him sing, 'Ye twice ten hundred Deities,' exclaimed,—"Why, bless me! that's two thousand."

Reputation is an extraordinary item in the success of our public or private life, and, like calumny, begins with a scarce audible breath, increasing until it becomes a tempest. How often I have wished I had selected a career less ephemeral, less exposed to caprice, more solid, and longer remembered than that of the utterer of a passing song, whose reputation lasts but for a season, and whose memory dies with the succeeding generation.

My spreading reputation had now reached Yorkshire, and I was offered an engagement to sing in 'The Messiah' at Huddersfield parish church, and at a concert in the evening; the

principal vocalists being Mrs. Salmon and myself, the band led by old White, of Leeds.

Mrs. Salmon was then in her zenith, and a charming singer she was, especially of Handel's music. The tone of her voice was rich and full, like the clarionet; and when Willman, who was then the great master of that instrument, accompanied her in 'Guilielmo's Gratias Agimus,' it was difficult at times to distinguish the voice from the instrument.

This lady, without being handsome, was rather prepossessing in her appearance. She was of middle stature, had a fair complexion and affable manners, and impressed you with a feeling that something superior was her prevailing character; and, certainly, her execution of the divine Handelian strains I have never heard equalled. It was a long time before I discovered that she was not a musician, so perfectly had she been drilled into everything the orchestra then required. I was nervously anxious to sustain my reputation in the north, well knowing how celebrated the people were for

their knowledge and execution of Handel's oratorios.

When the morning arrived for the performance of 'The Messiah,' all eyes and ears were fixed on me, and I believe I sang my solos steadily and well, no stop being made till after the 'Hallelujah Chorus,' when some twenty minutes were allowed, during which time the chorus and orchestra assembled in the churchyard, discussing the merits of the performance. Observing a group of sturdy, robust men in one corner of the yard, and fancying they were, from their appearance, bass singers, and talking about me, I sidled up near them unobserved, and found I was correct; one saying to the other,—

"What dost think o' this chap Phillips?"

The general response to which was,—

"Noute!!"

"Why, he beant but oth lad," said one.

"And haven't power loike," said another.

"Whoi, there's Bill Brown'll sing ten times louder nor he," exclaimed a third.

"Oh! oh!" thought I; "if power is the criterion, it's all over with me in Yorkshire;" and so I had just cause to believe, till the evening concert, when I gained ground immensely while singing 'The Husbandman,' Haydn; 'Honour and Arms,' Handel; some two ballads, 'Haste my Nanette,' with Mrs. Salmon; and the duett, 'Giovenette,' that had gained me so much favour in London, and which raised an enthusiasm in Huddersfield.

"Cum, cum," said my friends; "the lad can sing a bit, tew."

I certainly surprised them. I became a favourite from that time, and have remained so even till now.

The concert room of that day was not to compare with St. George's Hall, Liverpool, or St. James's Hall, London; it was in fact a riding school; it had no gas chandeliers, no cushioned seats, no grand organ, or painted orchestra, but on a platform was placed our orchestra, lighted by a huge lamp, hung by a rope drawn across, like the old street lamps

in Paris, while down below sat the audience on borrowed benches.

Primitive as all this was, the *prices* and the people mustered in sufficient numbers to pay Mrs. Salmon, myself, and an orchestra, more than double the sums we should receive now. This is not a healthy sign of the times. There must be something rotten in the state of Denmark, as I think I shall be able to prove before I reach the end of my narrative.

My concerts in the north now followed each other in quick succession; and at nearly all I sung with Mrs. Salmon. Though the buildings now erected for the performance of oratorios and concerts have assumed a proportion and magnificence which in those days could not have been dreamt of, the character and disposition of the people of Yorkshire and Lancashire still remain the same; their generous warm hearts, their true English hospitality, the enthusiasm and delight they take in music, and their just appreciation of it, is the same as ever; and in no part of England can

anything be found to compare with it. If my time was to come over again, with the years of experience I have had, I would rather be judged by those audiences than by the most refined critics in Europe.

Summer again coming round, Dryden's 'Arthur and Emeline' was produced at the English Opera House; in which I sang the scena, 'Ye twice ten hundred Deities,' and Purcell's celebrated 'Frost Scene.' The way in which this music was received, listened to, and appreciated, was truly surprising; and I heartily wish it could have been kept longer before the public, as we should then have been rid of much poverty in the compositions of the present day.

There is a time for all things, and a frequent retrogradation has appeared in all arts. We have had our seasons of poets, painters, architects, sculptors, musicians, actors, singers and inventors, rolling in and ebbing out with a high tide now, and then a barren sand.

The construction of our concerts formerly was very different from what it is now.

Great as our admiration still is, and ever must be, of the wondrous genius of Handel, the love of his music was certainly more widely spread and generally diffused then than at present; for no concert was given, were it on a small scale or large, but several songs of Handel's were sung —it is not so now. Many of his most beautiful airs are *never heard.* To see the name of Handel mixed up with Rossini, Donizetti, Verdi, would astonish the musical public in the present day; but I do not remember a concert bill, of any pretension, when I first appeared, that had not two or three songs of Handel's in each part.

Our operatic corps at the English Opera House boasted of a gentleman most eccentric in his habits, one Mr. O'Callaghan, an Irishman, and a pupil of Naldi. He cared little for his profession, but delighted in mad freaks of every imaginable nature. He had a very fair baritone voice, but so wholly neglected his studies that he was rarely entrusted with a character of any importance. The locality of Drury Lane has always been notorious as the haunt of

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the worst characters in London. The pit-door of the old Lyceum stood in a narrow passage, approached by a number of steps which led down to it, and was infested by throngs of young pickpockets, who reaped a rare harvest while the people were waiting to enter the theatre. Mr. Arnold was at a loss how to remedy this evil, which was naturally beginning to affect his interests, when O'Callaghan offered his services, which were readily accepted, and he induced me to join him, which I did.

The plan he proposed was, that we should mix ourselves up with the crowd, and when we detected one of the young rascals plying his avocation, give him a tap on the head with a life preserver, and leave him to his fate.

We sallied forth accordingly, and on the first evening had excellent sport, O'Callaghan bagging (as he termed it) some three or four brace.

This went on for many evenings, till at last when we were returning to the stage door, we were suddenly surrounded by some forty or fifty fellows, one of whom stepped up to us and said,

"We've watched you, Mr. O'Callaghan and Mr. Phillips, for some time; take advice, and don't do it any more."

"Certainly not!" replied my friend, "if it is at all disagreeable to you we will desist."

We understood the importance of the warning perfectly well, were very glad to be so easily let off, and never trespassed on those manors again.

I have now arrived at the 20th August, 1827, when the grand opera of the 'Freebooters,' composed by Ferdinand Paër, was produced, in which the grand song, 'Agitato di smania funesta,' better known by its English title, 'When I think of the wrongs he hath done me,' proved a very great success, and again enhanced my reputation.

This continued and increased popularity caused much speculation in my mind as to whether I should ever be engaged at the Musical Festivals and Grand Concerts of the Metropolis. My dreams were continually offering me such engagements, but I little believed when I awoke that the reality was so near.

I must not dismiss O'Callaghan without the relation of one anecdote most *unmusical* to me, but which I may perhaps be excused narrating.

It was towards the end of the summer season of 1822 that O'Callaghan said he would give us a grand supper. Whether it was his birth-day or not, I cannot remember; but it was in honour of some particular occasion. I know that the supper was to take place at his lodgings in the Strand, which were close to the Adelphi Theatre, on a third floor; the printed card of invitation, which I have preserved as a rare specimen of elegance, runs thus—

T. R. E. O. H.

Anglice

Theatre Royal English Opera Humfoozelums,

Tuesday, Sept. 24th, 1822.

R. B. P.

Alias Regular Booze and Peck.

N.B.—Gemmen is inspecfully deform'd rat in kase of a shindey, or any other prescription of a row, a gemmen

from St Martin's Vatchouse, and von from Bo strit vil bea in hatendance to roul out any disorder'd warmint who mai fil expos'd to decoy the connubiality of the heavenin.

L. C. O'C.
Security.

404, Strand.

The R. B. P. were the initials of our respected treasurer, Richard Brinsley Peake.

Such a scene as that which ensued never presented itself to me before; and much as I regretted at the time having accepted the invitation, its results proved of the greatest benefit to me in my after career. I will try to describe this rare and sumptuous feast: The party having assembled, we were ushered into a small sitting-room, not capable, certainly, of seating more than twelve persons, but into which thirty were crammed. The covers being removed, we beheld, at the head of the table, smoking hot, a huge boiled leg of pork, at the opposite end a monstrous boiled leg of mutton, in the centre a large boiled round of beef, with a dish of sheep's heads on either side. Spirits of all kinds were

profusely displayed in decanters, and at short intervals stood numerous jugs of hot water. The fume and steam of the room had an immediate and sickening effect on me; I endured it as best I could, and sat down to the repast, by which time St. Martin's clock had chimed twelve, for the party did not assemble till after the evening's performances had terminated. Round went the song, the jest, the glee; and after trying to dispose of the, to me, horrible repast, some brandy and water, as I thought, was offered to me. I fancied it was very strong, but not liking to say anything, I continued sipping, until I became quite overpowered, and at last fell to the ground, almost insensible; the only feeling I can remember being, that it would be a *charity to shoot me.* I was carried to bed, where I lay till late the next morning, when I awoke, horror-stricken and disgusted at the degraded wretch I must have appeared. I slunk to my home, and from that moment have never been under the influence of wine or spirits. I found afterwards that they had given me brandy

unmixed with water, and the wonder is, that I recovered so soon. Well might the Duke of G—— once say to his friends after dinner—

"Now, gentlemen, how shall we take our wine—as men, or beasts?"

"Oh!" they all exclaimed, "as *men*, my lord,"

"Then," said he, "we shall all get glorious, for beasts never take more than they require."

It was in the autumn of 1829, that I received my first Festival engagement, the meeting to be held in Liverpool. Mr. Bellamy was the principal bass, and I had little allotted to me, with the exception of 'Honour and Arms,' and 'Ye Men of Judah.' The Wakefield Festival immediately followed, however, where I more nearly approached the principal bass, sharing with Mr. Bellamy the songs in the 'Messiah,' &c., and having much to sing in the evening concerts.

From the favour I had obtained at these Festivals, engagements came flowing in from all parts of England. François Cramer led the

morning, and Mori the evening performances. Long previous to this I had become very intimate with Mori, and travelled with him to many concerts. Our intimacy continued to his death; and many a jest and many a bargain have we had together for my various songs, the most of which he published at his music shop in Bond Street. Many a freak, too, have we enjoyed when travelling by coach for dreary days at a time. Though not a man given much to jesting, he would do so at times, but always met with his reward from me. It was upon one occasion, soon after he had played me some terrible trick, that we were to meet at Birmingham and travel north to fulfil our engagements at Manchester, &c. &c. Our hotel at that time was the Albion, in High Street, where most of the coaches stopped. Having secured our two outside places, we started, well wrapt up; it was a foggy, gloomy, November day, and both were much fatigued with the previous week's travelling. The afternoon closed, and we were yet far from

Manchester, when we consulted together on the propriety of stopping at some roadside inn, and proceeding next morning. To this I most willingly assented, and at a very comfortable-looking little hotel, where they changed horses, we accordingly got down, it being then *about five o'clock*. We intimated to the host our intention of staying the night, and said we'd think of something for dinner. Being ushered into a very snug parlour with a blazing fire, I ordered some chops, while Mori, not so inclined, had a fire lighted in his bed-room, and said he'd have some tea and toast.

I must tell you that my companion was a short, stout man, with prominent features, rather bald, very pale, with sharp, large staring eyes, and a wild, nervous, and fidgetty mode of action and speech; in other words, what you would term a nervous, irritable person. It is the custom of most instrumentalists, particularly violinists and pianists, to lose no opportunity of practice. Thalberg would even travel with a dumb pianoforte on his lap, practising pas-

sages almost incessantly during the journey. Lindley with his violoncello, and Mori with his violin, had the instruments out of their cases as soon as they arrived at their hotel, or lodgings. As it was, on the night in question, no sooner had the fire burnt up in Mori's room, than he took out his violin, sat down at the foot of his bed, and commenced playing (what to the untutored ear would appear) the most wild and incoherent music imaginable; no tune, merely running up and down the scales as if all was left to chance, and had no reason in it. Hearing him hard at work, a thought suddenly struck me, of retaliating most admirably for his late tricks. His bed-room, immediately over my sitting-room, was reached by a narrow steep flight of stairs, while the open bar-room looked right into mine. My chops and pickles were soon ready, and thoroughly I enjoyed my repast. The table cleared, and a pint of sherry by my side, my feet on the fender, a blazing fire, yesterday's 'Times,' well saturated with tobacco smoke, and a very good cigar, I felt as comfort-

able and happy as a prince. My fair waitress executed the duties entrusted to her with practised attention, and I was soon able to arrange in my mind the details needful for carrying out my joke. In compliment to her sex, I have designated the lass who attended on me as my "fair" waitress, although, in fact, she was anything but pretty: indeed, she was a short, thick-set girl, rather untidy, with a face and arms resembling the setting sun, unusually muscular, and with a manner which left no doubt, but she could, and would, turn out any three, or four riotous persons, who might feel inclined to disturb the tranquillity of the house. She was a valuable member of that little community, being, I have no doubt, able to act not only as waitress, chambermaid, and housemaid, but also as groom, horsekeeper, and general farm-servant.

Being, as I before observed, comfortably disposed of in my delightful little parlour, I heard Mori firing away with his violin at the most intricate passages, when I rang my bell and inquired if my friend had taken his tea yet.

"Not yet, sir—it's not quite ready, but will be soon. He has just rung his bell—I must see what he wants."

"Stop," I said, "let me give you this caution -I think I [illegible] him fiddling?"

"Oh, yes," said the girl, "he's been fiddling ever since he came in."

"Very good," I replied, "don't interrupt him; as long as he fiddles he's quite safe, but the moment he leaves off, do you, for your life, get out of the room as quick as you possibly can, or I won't answer for the consequences."

"O Lor, sir," said she, "what's the matter with him?"

"Nothing, nothing," I replied, "only do as I tell you."

Up stole the girl very cautiously to his bedroom door, and knocked, with the usual demand —"Did you ring, sir?" Why, she *knew* he did—she told me so herself. Is it not very odd, that at every hotel in the kingdom, great or small, they ask you the same question, and very often when you have *not rung*, or thought of

doing so? to which I usually put a stop, by saying, "No, I did not ring, but I will."

"Twiddle, twiddle, twiddle," went the violin, as she gently knocked at the door; to which the reply was, "Come in." I suspect the head only entered.

"Bring me my tea," said Mori.

"Yes, sir," she replied, rapidly closing the door.

The fiddling went on. In about a quarter of an hour the girl went up with the tray of tea and toast, and knocked again.

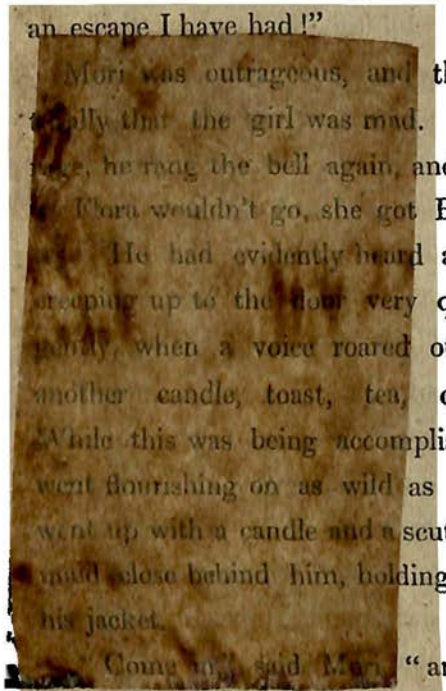
"Come in," said Mori.

"Your tea, if you please, sir," said the girl, without attempting to open the door.

"Come in," growled Mori, rather angrily.

In went the poor girl, but she had no sooner put the tray on the little table, than Mori laid down his violin. The girl gave a terrific shriek, her dress caught the table; she ran for her life, dragging the tray and tea after her. Such an awful crash I never heard, and she seemed to me to slide or roll down the stairs, for not a

second elapsed before she was fairly seated on the mat below. There she remained, wringing her hands, and exclaiming,—"Oh, dear! what an escape I have had!"



Mori was outrageous, and thought very naturally that the girl was mad. Stamping with rage, he rang the bell again, and violently; but Flora wouldn't go, she got Boots to have a go. He had evidently heard all about it, and creeping up to the door very quietly, knocked gently, when a voice roared out, "Bring me another candle, toast, tea, coals, civility." While this was being accomplished, the fiddle went flourishing on as wild as ever, till Boots went up with a candle and a scuttle of coals, the maid close behind him, holding by the tail of his jacket.

"Come in," said Mori, "and put on some coals." Boots obeyed; when Mori put down his violin to enquire the cause of all the recent disturbance. Boots and the maid called out for help, the coal scuttle tumbled down stairs first, and immediately Boots and the maid followed,

rolling over and over each other, until they reached the bottom, crying out murder. I never heard such a noise in my life; an earthquake could be nothing to it. This roused the landlord and landlady, who, violently entering my room, desired to know what was the meaning of all this disturbance? Of course, I professed ignorance. "Nonsense!" said the host. "Didn't you tell my servants that as long as he fiddled they were safe. Why didn't you keep him at it, and not risk all our lives in this way? The fact is, he's a madman, and I don't know that you are, much better. At any rate, you don't stop any longer in this house."

Matters were now growing serious; so I thought it best to at once confess the joke, and say who and what we really were. Accordingly I tried the soothing system.

"I'll tell you the truth," said I. "My friend up-stairs is the celebrated Mr. Mori, and I am Mr. Henry Phillips; and we are engaged for a concert to-morrow evening, near Manchester."

"Phew!" cried the host. "You'll tell me

next that you are the Emperor of Russia. Out of this house you go, and my man shall drive you to the nearest asylum. Here, Bill, get out the cart, and take these chaps somewhere."

"But, my good friend," I remonstrated, "it pours with rain."

"Can't help it," he answered, "out you go!!"

All my appeals were useless. We were bundled into the cart, and covered with sacks; our coachman was armed with a pitchfork in the event of our attacking him, and we were finally landed at the first public house we met with on our road.

Mori never knew the origin of this disaster, but for years threatened an action against the indignant master of the hotel. He attributed the unpleasantness to his violin; and I never thought it worth while to undeceive him.

CHAPTER IX.

HAVING recovered from the effects of our ill-usage dried our drenched clothes, and swallowed the insults heaped upon two unoffending young men, we prepared for our evening concert; which over we journeyed to Shrewsbury, for two performances with full orchestra, which were to be given by Mr. Amott, then organist of the parish church —now of Gloucester cathedral. Here we met Madame Caradori, and Bochsa, the harpist. The evening concert went off extremely well, every thing being a success, with the exception of my song of 'The Husbandman,' Haydn; in which the flute was more prominent than the singer. The player came from Salis-

bury, and had, I presume, been practising on the Plain.

Next morning (the concert was to commence at two o'clock) about twelve, I called at the inn where Mori and the gentlemen of the orchestra were staying; and finding no one at home, or any servant in the way, walked into their sitting-room on the ground-floor. Having waited for some little time, I prepared to leave; but, not liking to do so without some evidence of my visit, I looked round, and observed half a decanter of port wine, evidently left from yesterday's dinner. A salt-cellar was standing near, the contents of which I emptied into the wine, as a memento, and left, as I supposed, unobserved. I thought no more about the circumstance; and, the morning concert having terminated, again called at the inn, to speak to Mori. I found the party had just finished dinner, and were about to enjoy their wine, with an accompaniment of nuts. They asked me to take a chair, and join their circle. The wine was passed round. Mori had the first

glass, which he sipped, tasted, and, pulling an awful face, spat out.

"What's the matter?" cried one.

"Taste!" said Mori. "Awful! dreadful!"

One of the party tasted. He spluttered, rose from his seat, and exclaimed,

"Horrible!"

The same ceremony was repeated by the whole party, with the like effect. What could it be? The decanter was held up to the light, and, lo! a white sediment was perceptible at the bottom. "Arsenic! Poison!" cried the assemblage. "We are all poisoned. Ring the bell!"—as if that would prove an antidote. In came the servant-maid. "Who has poisoned our wine?" She didn't know. "Where's the landlord?" In came the landlord: the same question was put—"Who has poisoned our wine?" He didn't know. "Look at the wine!" He did. "Taste it!" He did. "Ten pounds reward for the offender!" shouted mine host; "the wretch must be found. Call Boots." Boots walked in. "Who poisoned this wine?" He didn't know.

"Call the chambermaid. Do you know who poisoned this wine?" She didn't know. "Did you, or any of you, see *any one* enter this room to-day?" "Yes, the chambermaid had." "Who was it?" "That gentleman," pointing to me. In an instant I was collared, and as immediately made a full confession. I was then tried, and sentenced to regale the party with half-a-dozen of claret, which, being brought, a chair was placed on the table, on which I was compelled to sit; and, being handed a half tumbler of claret, let it fall over an elaborate notice of the two concerts, written by Mr. Hodgson (now of the firm of Duff and Hodgson, Music Warehouse, Oxford Street), ready to be sent to the London papers. The critique was in consequence too late for the post, which drove Mori distracted, as praise in the metropolitan papers was to him a necessity of life.

The spring of 1825 approached, and brought with it many (to me) eventful circumstances. My fame had spread as a Handelian singer. When Mr. Bartleman died, numerous candidates came

forward for his position at the Antient Concerts. Though Bellamy was his legitimate successor, (not perhaps perfectly satisfied with him), the directors gave the opportunity to many others, such as Kellner, Rolle, &c. &c.: but all failed to approach the great baritone.

Attention was then turned to me. The directors then consisted of the Archbishop of York, Lord Darnley, Lord Derby, The Duke of Cumberland, and Lord Howe; Mr. Greatorex, the immediate successor of Joah Bates, was the conductor, and François Cramer, the leader. The chorus consisted principally of a number of ladies from Lancashire, led by Mrs. Shepley and Mrs. Byers, the boys of the Chapel Royal and the Abbey, and the altoes and tenors belonging to our theatres.

I received a letter from Mr. Greatorex offering me an engagement for *one night*. This shook me to the centre; for well I knew the importance of taking such a step. Ordinary Musical Festivals were all as nothing compared to the Antient Concerts. I hesitated,

uncertain what to do; so hastened to Sir George Smart, under whom I was then studying, to ask his advice. He weighed well the matter, and after looking at all its bearings, said—

"Take it; for 'There is a tide in the affairs of man, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.'"

I tremblingly wrote to accept the offer; tremblingly because I felt that a failure would prevent my advance for years, while a success would immediately place me at the head of my profession; for, up to this time, Bellamy had held that position triumphantly, in defiance of all competitors.

On Wednesday evening, 2nd March, 1825, I sang, for the first time, before that awful tribunal, where applause was rare, and criticism certain. In the first act I sang, "Tears such as tender fathers shed," and was *encored*, a circumstance almost without parallel at these concerts. In the second act, "The Lord worketh wonders." Vaughan whispered to Knyvett, as I sang, "Every bar of that song is a death blow to Bellamy."

And the result proved it was so; for I was instantly engaged for the whole series at ten guineas a night.

My position was now (with health) firm as a rock; all my thanks and gratitude are due to Sir George Smart; for had I lacked the sound judgment of his wise experience, I should possibly never have risen as, by his aid, I did.

It was but the other day Sir George told me, that when quite a lad he turned over the leaves of the score of the oratorios at the organ for Joah Bates. One evening, the person being ill who had to play the double drums, Sir George volunteered, and performed his task to such perfection, that he became a great favourite with Mr. Bates, and advanced rapidly, which shows what a trifling circumstance will at times cause sudden promotion.

The singers engaged with me at the Antient Concerts were on this occasion, Mrs. Salmon, Miss Stephens, Miss Travis, Vaughan, Knyvett, Bellamy, and John Sale. Three new appearances took place the first evening, namely, Miss

Wilkinson, a piece, I believe, of the famous Mrs. Siddons, Mr. Sapio, and myself. Miss Wilkinson, who had a mezzo soprano, succeeded very well. I cannot say the same of Sapio, who was not by any means at home in the classic music of that concert. Indeed, the leading musical journal of that day remarked, "Mr. Sapio's 'Sound an Alarm,' was an alarm indeed! We will not be so ungracious on this gentleman's first appearance in this concert room as to treat him with all our rigour; but we earnestly advise him to recollect in future that singing before an Antient Concert audience is one thing, and shouting to the one shilling gallery of Drury Lane another." Thus, for lack of education in this severe school, he made no way, and soon retired from the scene.

Well as I had succeeded, I did not yet feel my throne so secure, as I at first thought it would be; and, indeed, at the rehearsal of the second concert my confidence was much shaken. The rehearsals, which always took place on the Monday mornings previous to the Wednesday

evenings, were more like a performance than a rehearsal, the subscribers being admitted, and non-subscribers at *half-a-guinea*, the programme was printed, and gone through precisely the same as at night.

At the second concert I was put down for "Honour and Arms," in the second act, and though not required till then, we were all obliged to take our seats in the orchestra, and wait our turn.

I had not been so seated long, before Mr. Vaughan informed me Mr. Sale was very hoarse, and I must sing the trio he was put down for. This I refused to do, on the ground that I was not acquainted with it, and did not like to sing at sight before such an audience.

This whispering and hesitation affording evidence of something being wrong, Lord Darnley rose and inquired the cause.

Mr. Vaughan, leaning over the orchestra, said, "Mr. Sale is hoarse, my Lord, and not able to sing. I have asked Mr. Phillips to take the trio, and he says he cannot."

Upon which I started up and said, "I can, my Lord, but do not like to sing a thing I have not studied, before such an assemblage."

"Quite right, Phillips, quite right," responded his Lordship; "follow in the steps of Bartleman, he never did!"

Thus I escaped what might have led to an important condemnation. So my friend was foiled, and his blunderbuss missed fire!

Continuing my engagement at the English Opera House, the London season having terminated, an opera entitled 'Tartare,' composed by Salieri, was produced on the 14th August, 1825. Tartare was originally played by Sapio, but afterwards by Braham, who delighted in everything which appertained to a Turkish dress—the last thing in the world, I may remark, which became him.

I shall never forget his appearance upon this occasion. His dress had been made by the ladies at home, and they had literally sewed him up in crimson, blue, and yellow satin, till he could scarcely move. The turban would better

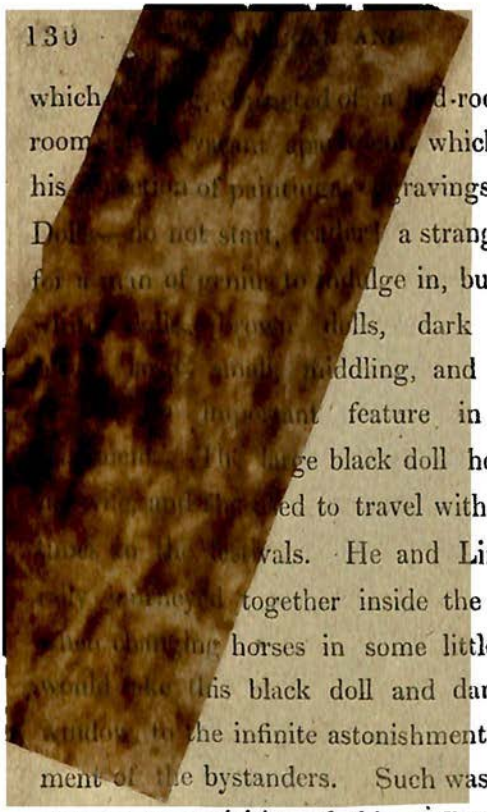
have become some old lady at a card party, than the sultan chief; and when, from beneath this protruded a long Hebrew nose, and a huge pair of black whiskers, any fertile imagination may conceive something like the effect produced. However, he thought he looked very fine, and fancied every one admired him. From beneath all there shone forth, nevertheless, the voice and the mind, over which no finery or foolery could cast a shadow. There was not much merit in the opera, and its existence was but short lived.

The festivals followed in due order, at only one of which I was engaged; that was the fifth given at Derby, where I sang the songs in which I had proved most successful at the Antient Concerts. I managed to creep into especial favour with Lindley and Dragonetti, the two great men of the orchestra. Giants they were in talent, such as had never existed before, and possibly may not again. The tone of Lindley's violoncello it is far beyond the power of words to con-

vey, it was so pure, so mellow, so harmonious. He was so perfectly skilled in all he had to do, that you might as well have tried to confuse an automaton as turn him from his path. One of his great achievements was accompanying Mr. Braham in Arne's celebrated cantata 'Alexis.' Many a listener must have left the concert-room fevered with wonder at the marvellous execution of the two artistes. Another quality Lindley possessed, which I have never found in any other violoncellist, viz. that when accompanying a recitative, he gave the full chord, and frequently the note on which the singers were to commence. Some one or two tried to imitate his mode, but all failed. When accompanying a song, his last symphony would be most elaborate; he would play wonderful harmonics, and running roulades that one thought could not possibly terminate in the proper key. I well remember, at a musical festival, his accompanying Mr. Braham in that beautiful air, "Oh, Liberty, thou choicest Treasure." At the morning performance in the cathedral, when he came

to the concluding symphony, he played, to the astonishment of the whole orchestra, in harmonics, "Over the hills and far away." This, I presume, was his idea of Oh, Liberty! The bishop and nobility present were delighted, and a repetition was immediately demanded. Lindley laughed to such a distressing degree, and took so much snuff, in both of which offices Dragonetti joined, that he said he couldn't play it again, and he wouldn't, and he didn't.

Then Dragonetti! in him what a strange being I shall have to describe: he was a kind-hearted man, abounding with eccentricities; by nature a lover of the fine arts; and on his instrument, the double bass, *perfection*. The power and tones he produced from his unwieldy instrument were wonderful, and to this he added great and rapid execution. The ends of his fingers had become, by practice, broad, covered with corns, and almost without form. Take him out of his profession, he was a mere child, given to the greatest frivolities. He led a single life, and occupied one lodging for years;



which ... d-room, sitting-room ... which contained his ... ravings, and dolls. Do ... a strange weakness for ... dge in, but so it was; ... lls, dark dolls, and ... ddling, and diminutive, ... feature in his esta- ... ge black doll he would call ... ed to travel with him some- ... vals. He and Lindley gene- ... together inside the coach, and ... horses in some little village, he would take this black doll and dance it at the ... to the infinite astonishment and amuse- ment of the bystanders. Such was one of the strange eccentricities of this really great man. So powerful was the tone he could produce from his instrument, that I have frequently heard him pull a whole orchestra back with one accent if they wavered in the least.

One of his and Lindley's great performances was a duet of Corelli's for violoncello and con-

tra-basso, a surprising performance, and one which never failed to elicit an encore. The copy, in Dragonetti's handwriting, was played from, for nearly fifty years; it eventually fell into my possession, having been presented to me by Vincent Novello after Dragonetti's death; previous to which event, being anxious to ascertain some particulars of his long career, I wrote a letter after the manner of questions, No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, &c.; in return to which I received a reply written by Novello, and *signed* by Dragonetti, for I believe he never penned an *entire* letter in his life.

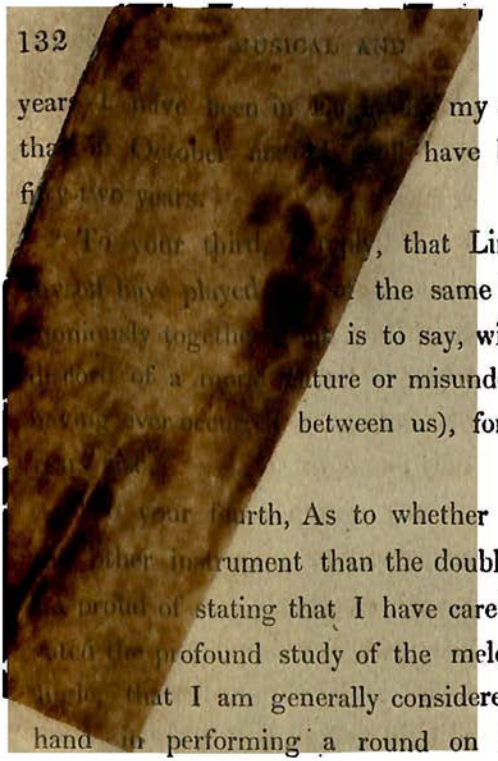
"Thursday, Feb. 9th, 1843.

"My dear Sir,

"In compliance with your request, I send you an answer to your various questions, which I will treat, not *seriously*, but *seriatim*.

"To your first question, *How old are you?* I reply, that in April next (not on the 1st April) I shall be seventy-eight.

"To your second question, As to how many



year[illegible] my answer is, tha[illegible] have been here fi[illegible]-five years.

"To your third, [illegible], that Lindley and [illegible] have played [illegible] the same book harmoniously together [illegible] is to say, without any [illegible] of a [illegible]ture or misunderstanding [illegible] between us), for fifty-two [illegible]

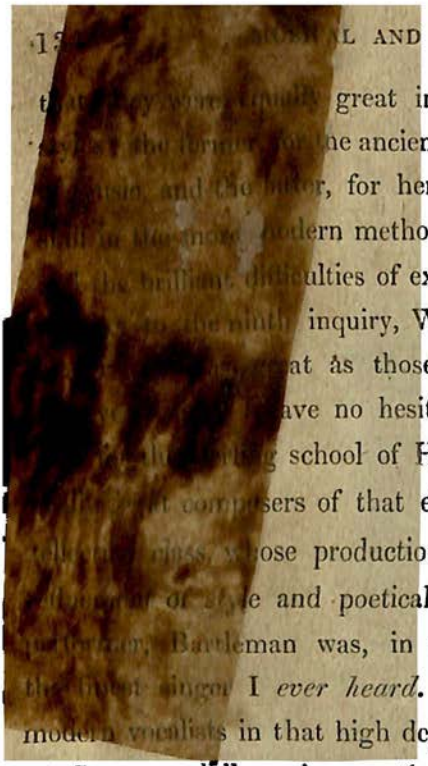
"To your fourth, As to whether I play on [illegible] other instrument than the double-bass? I [illegible] proud of stating that I have carefully cultivated the profound study of the melodious triangle, that I am generally considered a steady hand in performing a round on the barrel organ, and I am universally admired for my variety of sublime effects and pathetic expression on the Jew's harp.

"To your fifth question, As to whether I have always had the same tendency to collect rare music and good sterling compositions, besides paintings and other productions of the fine arts, and in discovering and accumulating supe-

rior musical instruments by the first masters? I reply, *yes*, and have not only had the tendency, but have also succeeded in accumulating a very large collection of music, engravings, &c., and I am happy to add, that I have been so fortunate as to discover in Italy, and to still possess, the *finest double bass in the world.*

"To your sixth inquiry, I have to inform you that I have only *one black doll.* I have seven other dolls in my seraglio, two of which are finishing their education amongst the German literati, who are remarkably clever and experienced in their mode of treating *blockheads*, for I wish my dollies to have an education of the most polished kind, especially in the smoothness and waxen-brilliancy of their innocent faces, which never degenerates (as it sometimes happens with living dolls) into an ill-tempered frown. The other five dolls are such dolce companions, that they render my home a perfect dulce domum.

"Now as to the eighth question, Which I think was the greater singer of the two, Madame Mara or Mrs. Billington? I can only say



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ose productions require both
e and poetical feeling in the
Bartleman was, in my estimation,
I *ever heard*. Amongst the
s in that high department of the
art, I can candidly make you the compliment of saying, that I consider Mr. Henry Phillips the best English bass singer now living.

"Believe me, my dear Sir,

"Yours very truly,

"DOMENICO DRAGONETTI."

This very interesting letter of the famous

organist, Vincent Novello, written for his friend Drago. (as he familiarly called him), and signed by Dragonetti himself, I preserve in my possession, and shall be happy to show to any one curious in such matters.

The reader will observe that in the fifth question, Dragonetti says that he discovered and possesses *the finest double bass in the world!* Its history is this:—

In the little Italian village where he was born stood a monastery, the fathers of which were very musical, and played on a variety of instruments. When the wonderful talent of Dragonetti first dawned, and he was about to enter the orchestra of San Carlo at Naples, one of the monks presented him with this famous bass, which never again left his hands until he died, when he consigned it by will to the establishment from which he had received it, and where, I presume, it may still be heard.

I believe that he had more than once been offered a thousand guineas for the instrument. His health at length began gradually to decline,

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CHAPTER X.

BEING now firmly established at the Antient Concerts, and a reputed favourite at the English Opera House, I had little to think of, or attend to, beyond the concerts in and out of London, which now yearly increased in number. It became important, however, that I should gradually quit the beaten track I had hitherto pursued, viz., singing those songs which were popular with the generation before me, and seek for some novelty which would stamp me with a certain originality. This was a more difficult task to accomplish than might by many be supposed, for I had not arrived at that eminence where poets and composers seek a singer's talent

to display their thoughts. The difficulty of finding modern poetry at my disposal, to carry out this desire, compelled me still to merely revive the former triumphs of others; and in this I greatly succeeded by my singing of Arne's beautiful ballad, 'When forced from dear Hebe to go.' For an entire season it was my stock song, and gained me so great a reputation, that Haines Bailey, the poet, who had for years resided in Bath, and observed with some interest my gradual advance, entrusted to my care a song which stamped my reputation as a ballad singer, and put many thousand pounds into the pocket of the publisher. This was, 'O no, we never mention her,' the rage for which was extraordinary. There was not a pianoforte in the kingdom on which it was not to be seen; till my name, and 'O no, we never mention her,' grew to be household words.

It was now that Greatorex, becoming feeble, retired from his professional labours, and in his place William Knyvett was elected. It was not a happy selection; for, though an excellent

musician, and highly educated from childhood in the Antient School of Music, he had not the tact of a conductor; and, though everything went correctly under the guidance of his baton, his action, and unnecessary vehemence, sometimes rather annoyed the orchestra. Again, he was a man of buoyant spirits, which naturally unfitted him for the gravity of his task. 'Tis true that while at his post no trace of levity could be observed, but the moment it was over we were all like boys let out of school; not an atom of our apparent steadiness being left. No greater proof of this need be adduced than the following quaint document, which Knyvett, at the request of the director, wrote to Mr. Terrail, one of our altos, in order to engage him for the Antient Concerts:—

"March 19th, 1835.

"My sweetest chick, if you're not hired,
Your services will be required,
To show your lovely blooming face
In that harmonious well-known place,
On Monday next, at twelve o'clock,
Exact, my pretty bantum cock.

The Antient Concert calls thy aid,
My darling Bess, don't be afraid;
Cheer up, my blooming daffodil,
And join the song with all good-will.
Cadwallo's tongue, and one thing to it,
's all you'll have, so come and do it.

"Yours ever sincerely,

"WILLIAM KNYVETT."

"P.S.—THE ARCHBISHOP DIRECTS."

Our music was then performed in the most strict and rigid manner. Much as we jested in our private hours, there was no jesting with our profession, no frivolous execution of the music, no foolish experiments of time and style, the intention of the composer once ascertained and acknowledged, it remained for ever the same. As an instance of the severity exercised towards those who attempted to infringe these laws—Mrs. Salmon, who generally was a most strict Handelian, one evening forgot herself, and, I suppose, fancying she was singing to some ordinary audience, at the termination of "From Mighty Kings," made a cadenza, which she had no sooner commenced than Greatorex opened the full organ upon her, with the final chord.

For an instant all was confusion, the lady sat down, and became fearfully red, while the noble director rose to inquire the cause, when Greatorex turned round, and (twiddling his thumbs, as he was wont) said, very quietly, "A cadenza, my Lord!" "Oh!" said his Lordship; and the concert proceeded with its usual solemnity. I took the hint, and never attempted one myself, for if there is one thing I detest more than another, it is being snubbed!

In reviewing the vocalists and instrumentalists of that day, I am bringing before my mind a race of people very distinct from the present. I confess they did not, as a body, possess that versatility of talent and language displayed by the generality of modern singers; but they were more profound, more combined, and in every sense of the word more learned. This was a matter of necessity, on account of the peculiarities of the time; those who were theatrical singers, such as Miss Stephens and Braham, were not required to learn music of the elaborate character of the present day; a couple of songs

and a little duet was all that was required. Thus their time could be devoted to those studies necessary to place them at the head of their art. Mrs. Salmon, Miss Travis, Bartleman, Harrison, Knyvett, Vaughan, never trod the stage. Their lives were passed in their cathedrals, and in the investigation of the best works of the ancient composers. Much as we may smile in the present day at such antiquities, and look upon that school as insipid, and old-fashioned, I will be bold enough to tell the rising generation that the study of ancient art is the best foundation upon which to build a superstructure of all that is modern: and it is lamentable to reflect, that the fine voices of the present age are not cultivated on a more profound basis. The loss of the Antient Concerts is a national one; and until something similar be again established, there will be no distinct school that we can term strictly English.

Let us for a moment review singly those who composed the orchestra of the Antient Concerts.

First, there was our Conductor, Thomas Greatorex, who was born at North Wingfield, Derbyshire, in 1758. His father was an excellent musician, and taught him the rudiments of music. He afterwards studied under Dr. Cooke, organist of Westminster Abbey. He was much patronised by George III. and IV.; and when the Antient Concerts were first established in 1776, he assisted in the chorusses. He visited Italy, and studied under Santarelli at Rome; and, on the death of Joah Bates, was elected Conductor in 1793. He was a fellow of the Royal and Linnean Societies. In addition to being a botanist and mathematician, he was an excellent astronomer, and possessed some fine telescopes. Thus we had, indeed, a learned man at the head of our corps.

Our leader, François Cramer, though born in Germany, of German parents, had resided in London since he was seven years of age, and founded his studies on the Concertos of Corelli, and the old masters. He was appointed leader on the death of his father; and being a man of most

gentlemanly manners, was a universal favourite with us all.

Next came Mrs. Salmon. This magnificent singer, born in 1784, was a Miss Mahon, of Oxford. Her voice suddenly—I may say in a moment—left her during one of the Antient Concerts. A more remarkable instance of the loss of power I never met with.

Then we had Miss Stephens, who, in addition to a lovely soprano, possessed a manner so natural and unaffected, that she won the golden opinions of all with whom she came in contact. She was the daughter of a carver and gilder, and born in London, 1794. Originally a pupil of Mr. Lanza, then of Tom Welsh, and lastly instructed in all she knew of the sacred school by William Knyvett, she sang certain things charmingly. Being, however, deficient in a thorough knowledge of music, she was not to be depended on in concerted pieces, but she held her rank to the end; and I shall never forget the beauty of her voice as it rang through Westminster Abbey, at the last commemoration of Handel, when in

'The Messiah' she sang, 'I know that my R deemer liveth,' while I stood over the grave Handel, looking at the beautifully-sculptur figure, by Roubilliac, which holds a scroll bearin on it the words she sang.

Mr.. Vaughan, our principal tenor, was bor at Norwich, in 1[illegible] without bein powerful, was ve[illegible] style quiet unaffected, and st[illegible] correct.

William Knyv[illegible] our late, born 1780, in London, held for [illegible] position both at the Antient Co[illegible] and musical festivals. His voice was ver[illegible] sweet, and his style, particularly in glees, most elegant and refined. Altos are now, I may say, extinct, and their places supplied by contraltos. I cannot add, that my admiration of the alto voice is such, as to cause me any regret; but, at the same time, allowing any contralto to sing that part of a glee which was written for an alto, is not only perfectly absurd, but destructive to the author's intention, and a perversion of his meaning. Nature seemed to have put a

goodnatured stamp on our gentlemen of the counter-tenor voice, for their appearance and their singing were strangely at variance. Mr. Knyvett was exceedingly stout, and his deputy, Mr. Terrail—now and then called into action—was also exceedingly corpulent. When they stood up to sing, you would have imagined, from their size, that a voice like thunder would have shaken the very rafters of the ceiling; in place of which, a little still voice, scarcely audible, stole upon your ear, making you wonder almost where it was coming from. How habit reconciles us to strange things; for strange indeed would this appear to modern ears! Instead of the trumpet-toned sound expected, a little squeaking voice came forth, something resembling a weak oboe shut up in some huge organ: and yet, strange to say, these singers appeared to require more sustenance than men possessing ten times their power. In fact they were monstrous eaters, an example of which I will give. When attending the nobleman and gentleman's Catch Club, then held at the

Thatched House Tavern, St. James' Street, having myself dined previously, I had leisure to observe what was consumed; and, taking out my pencil, put down all our alto ate and drank during and after dinner. Thus ran my mem.:—

1. Plate of oxtail soup; 2. Plate of mock-turtle; 3. Turbot and lobster sauce; 4. A few smelts; 5. Glass of sherry; 6. Salmon and lobster sauce; 7. The cup (this was a silver goblet filled with beer, wine, nutmeg, lemon, &c. &c., extremely good and potent, a great favourite at the table, being continually passed up and down); 8. Roast beef and Yorkshire pudding; 9. Glass of Madeira; 10. Mutton pie; 11. Glass of sherry; 12. Glass of Madeira; 13. Bottle of soda-water; 14. Two slices saddle of mutton and jelly; 15. The cup; 16. Wing of a capon, and laver; 17. Glass of Madeira; 18. Marrow-bone and toast; 19. Glass of sherry; 20. Marrow pudding; 21. Bottle of soda-water; 22. Apple tart; 23. Glass of sherry; 24. Cheese and biscuits; 25. The cup; 26. Two oranges; 27. Glass of port;

28. Ditto sherry; 29. Ditto claret; 30. Ditto port; 31. Two oranges; 32. Some figs; 33. Glass of sherry; 34. Bottle of soda-water, and a sly drop of brandy in it—quite necessary, I have no doubt.

If good living be a promoter of good singing, my friend ought to have been at the very head of his profession. During some of the glees, when the upper notes caused the eyes to stare and the cheeks to swell with the difficulty after dinner of getting so high, some one observed, "How gracefully T. is singing this evening," Tom Cooke, who had also taken notice of the dinner he had made, replied, "Yes, *he's bursting with taste.*".

Our primo basso, T. L. Bellamy, was born in Westminster in 1770; his father was also a celebrated bass singer. Mr. Bellamy's voice was not an agreeable one, having a very nasal twang, which increased as he grew older, until at last it became intolerable. He was a man of most gentlemanly manners and appearance, and of superior education.

John Sale, the basso secondo, was born in London, 1757; his voice was mellow and beautiful, and in his glee-singing it was perfectly charming at times to mark the effect he produced with apparently the greatest ease.

It would, to most people, appear unaccountable that when these concerts were at their very zenith, so many years should have passed by and that one of the greatest tenors that ever adorned this land should not once have been invited to sing at them. I allude to Mr. Braham. It was at all times a sad thorn in his path, and one he could never allude to but in language of much severity, which was greatly increased when I had become so indispensable a member. Most assuredly no comparison could be drawn between such men as *Braham* and *Vaughan;* the former all energy and intellect, the other all elegance and rigidness.

At a dinner-party where Braham was present, and the separate merits of the Antient Concert singers came under discussion, the majority declared Vaughan to be a most chaste singer. This

enraged the great tenor, who immediately demanded, "Do you know, gentlemen, what a chaste singer is?" They hesitated. "I'll tell you," he continued; "a chaste singer is one who never ravishes the ears of his audience."

CHAPTER XI.

THE years intervening between 1825 and 1835 were remarkable for the number of talented and extraordinary persons who visited England. Amongst others, I may particularly mention Madame Pisaroni, and Velluti; the former the most ugly lady I almost ever saw; so plain indeed she was and so conscious of it, that whenever offered an engagement at an Italian opera house, where she had not yet appeared, she invariably sent the director her miniature, saying, "*If, after you have seen this you venture to engage me, I will come.*" She was a little person, with ill-formed, distorted features, possessing an extraordinary contralto voice, but

with a defect in either the palate or the nose, which caused some two or three notes to be the most harsh and disagreeable imaginable. She contrived, by extreme art, to pass them rapidly over, and the defect was sometimes almost imperceptible. She possessed great flexibility, and generally personated characters that required male attire.

Velluti, the last of his race, was brought to England by the late Lord Burghersh. His style was very elegant, but his voice was on the wane, consequently his reign in this country was not of long duration.

The most extraordinary genius of all was now heralded, the wondrous Paganini. For a considerable time the musical world had expected him, but the public at large did not appear to have received the impression that had been given us of his extraordinary talent. His first concert was announced at the Italian opera house, in the Haymarket. Nicholson, the flautist, and I went together to the pit. The concert was but indifferently attended, and in itself proved a very

meagre affair. In fact, it was a mere vehicle for the introduction of the lion of the evening. When the time arrived for his first concerto, all eyes were turned towards the spot where the conductor had gone off, evidently to usher him in; and in a few minutes on stalked a ghostly figure, thin, rather tall, pale as death, with black glossy hair flowing over his shoulders, long arms, and bony fingers. He seemed like something unearthly gliding almost to the middle of the stage. Altogether, the effect was so strange, so unreal, that a shudder positively ran through the audience. It soon became evident to us both, that nothing he did was left to chance—every action, every look had been deeply studied; in a word, he was an excellent actor. For a few moments he stood before his breathless audience, as if thinking of what he should play; then he slowly placed the violin under his chin, as deliberately raised his bow and let it rest on the strings, as if meditating how to proceed. Having apparently made up his mind, he turned to the orchestra, and, with a gentle inclination

of his head, gave the signal to commence. He had not executed many passages before a burst of acclamation came from the audience, an expression of wonder and amazement at the tones he produced, and his wondrous flights of execution. Nothing moved by the applause, he proceeded. At the termination of the first movement another enthusiastic demonstration was made, but not a muscle moved in his rigid countenance; he neither expressed pleasure nor anxiety, but steadily went on to the end of his concerto, when he slightly bowed, and, with the same ghost-like movement, left the stage. He played, I think, four times that evening, each time with increased enthusiasm, leaving an impression that, I am sure, will never be forgotten by those, who were fortunately present. His fame immediately spread like wild-fire, and thousands thronged the doors whenever his name was announced.

It was a matter of much speculation amongst musical men and amateurs whether all he did was not a mere sort of trickery, and whether he

had any real and substantial knowledge of his art. This was soon set at rest, by a dinner party which Mr. Samuel Cartwright gave in Burlington Street, when he invited Cramer, Moralt, Lindley and Dragonetti to meet Paganini. In the evening Paganini played with these artists some of the most difficult quartets of Beethoven, Corelli, &c., &c., and at once proved himself a sound and learned musician. On that evening I was present, and must say, that never, before or since, have I heard anything approaching such instrumental perfection. During the season he gave a great number of concerts in London, and played but at few, for his terms were so high no one could afford to engage him. His usual demand for one, or at most, two concertos was three hundred guineas, an amount he would have to a shilling, so penurious—so painfully penurious at times were his habits.

The London season having terminated, a musical festival was held in Dublin in the autumn of 1831, for which Paganini was en-

gaged at some exorbitant sum, and proved, of course, the centre of attraction. Sir G. Smart conducted the festival. Paganini's habits of seclusion, gained him much of his notoriety, for he endeavoured to create a mystery about all he did. No one seemed to know how he travelled, or where he went to; and, when wanted, he appeared to spring out of the earth at the call. Thus he arrived in Dublin, and no one could ascertain by what vessel, which gave rise to a vague idea that the *Flying Dutchman* might have wafted him across the channel. Then where were his lodgings? No one knew. He was not at any of the principal hotels. Oh no! that would have been too extravagant; he had secured apartments in some obscure corner of the city, where no one could find him out, and his presence was not made manifest until the evening of the first concert, when he entered the stage-door of the Theatre Royal, where the concert was to be given, and immediately ordered an apartment to be got ready, and the room to be perfectly darkened. Into this

he went, and paced it up and down, playing snatches of his concertos, until the time arrived for his *début* before a Dublin audience. The theatre was crammed to suffocation. The Lord Lieutenant and his suite occupied the stage box in regal state. All the élite of Dublin appeared in the dress tier. As Paganini, led on by Sir G. Smart, glided, in his ghost-like fashion, to the centre of the stage, the uproar of applause was terrific—an uproar succeeded by the most breathless attention, and a silence so great that a feather might have been heard fall. The action before commencing, as described in London, was gone through in precisely the same methodical manner, but this seemed, to the restless spirit of an Irish audience, to occupy so long a time that the bow had not rested on the string many seconds when a stentorian voice shouted from the gallery—"Well! we're all ready!!" The house was convulsed with laughter; round after round of hysterical mirth rang through the building. Paganini stamped with rage, and turning to Sir George, exclaimed,

"*Qu' est, ce que c' est.*" Sir George tried to explain, which seemed to make matters so much worse, that Paganini, muttering some dreadful imprecations, left the orchestra. A considerable time elapsed before he could be prevailed upon to re-enter, but at length, having done so, he produced the usual effect, and astounded everybody. The next day one heard nothing but, "Ah! sure, have you heard the Piganini; och murther! and his fiddle?"

The festival, in a pecuniary point, was a failure; and, indeed, no wonder, when we consider the vast sums paid to the vocalists and instrumentalists, and the poverty of the Dublin community.

A general inquiry, immediately after the meeting had terminated, was, "Has Paganini gone?" "Yes, he had." "What vessel did he sail in?" No one could tell. He had vanished into air as usual. Again, all became mystery, until we heard of his name being announced for a concert in Edinburgh, or Rome, or at some such extreme distance, that it

always defied calculation to know how he had managed to get there in the time.

This air of secrecy and mystery did not in any way attach itself to his brother professors. For if any inquiry had been made, there could not have existed the slightest doubt as to the vessels which conveyed the other members of the orchestra back to England. That which took myself, Lindley, Dragonetti, Willman, Nicholson, Harper, and Tom Cooke, might have become particularly noted, owing to the boisterous passage we experienced—not occasioned by an outbreak of the elements, but by an outbreak of the elements of mischief, which arose in the minds of a few Irish boys, whose restless spirits would not allow of their sleeping at sea. For which reason, they came to the amiable resolution of not permitting any one else to do so.

Lindley and Drago were shocking sailors, and suffered much going to Dublin. The autumn having grown a week older by their return, they dreaded the winter storms. As the steamer

left about eight or nine o'clock in the evening, the night had to be passed at sea, and the pair accordingly took every means and precaution to insure a sound sleep in their berths till morning; while the rest also took every precaution and means to prevent so desirable a consummation.

About ten o'clock all had retired to rest, in a spacious cabin surrounded by tiers of berths; it was a calm, beautiful night, and we glided on in almost lake-like silence, till the bell on deck struck the eleventh hour, and sundry snores became audible in various quarters. The conspirators were wide awake, however, and at a preconcerted signal, Harper, with his trumpet, Willman, with his clarionet, Nicholson, with his flute, and Tom Cooke and myself, with penny trumpets, blew such unceasing and unearthly blasts, that it might have been thought the world was at an end. Out jumped Lindley and Drago as if they had been shot; half asleep, their bewildered senses did not permit of their immediately recognising the cause of all the up-

roar, which was now strengthened and increased by the loud laughter of the stranger passengers, who instantly understood the fun. They positively danced about the cabin, exclaiming, "What is it all, are we drowned!" and so on, till awaking to their senses, they perceived the heads and the instruments peeping from behind the many curtains. The real cause of the uproar now flashed across them. Dragonetti swore oaths enough to sink any vessel, in some dozen languages, while Lindley, who always stuttered dreadfully, and, if excited, could not speak at all, muttered some threats, none of which could we understand, until, having got his last leg into his berth again, he turned round, and, showing his teeth, contrived to splutter out—d—d—d—d—d—d—DAMN.

A more ludicrous scene could not well be imagined. The sufferers slept no more that night, fearing a repetition of the serenade; and never did they forget the last musical festival held in Dublin.

Poor Lindley! some very droll stories were

always floating about with reference to his stuttering, and the mishaps arising from this infirmity. No anecdote, perhaps, caused greater merriment than the following.

One day, when walking down the High Street of the city of Exeter, he observed a seafaring-looking man standing on the opposite side of the way with a grey parrot perched on his finger. Lindley crossed over, and accosting the man said,—

"Is that p-p-p-p-p-parrot for sale?"

"Yes," replied the man.

"How m-m-m-m-m-m-much?"

"A guinea," was the response.

"C-c-c-c-c-can it sp-sp-sp-sp-sp-speak?"

"Yes," said the fellow, "a precious sight better than you can, or I'd chop his head off."

It is a very difficult thing to tell a stuttering story well in print, so that every one will be sure to read it properly. I never came across but one—the impression of which never left me—and that was many years since. It related to some great battle, where the understanding was

that all who asked for quarter should have it. A regiment whose line had been broken, was in full retreat, the enemy in close pursuit, with fixed bayonets, when one poor fellow stuck fast in a hedge, as a soldier rushed up to him. He immediately cried out, "qua-qua-qua-qua-qua——"

"Oh!" said the soldier, losing patience, "I can't wait for you," and ran him through.

The autumn of this year brought me the usual round of provincial concerts, to which was added another engagement at Covent Garden, to appear in some operas with Miss Paton and Mr. Wood. With reference to the concerts, I still laboured under the difficulty of procuring original songs of such a nature as might enable me to convince my audience that I possessed a species of thought and conception different from the ordinary run of vocalists; any new idea, or reading is sure to be severely criticised, until the performer has convinced all parties that he is correct.

Such was the case with Braham, when, on

his return from Italy, in 1815, one of the finest effects he produced was treated with great severity by a portion of the press. A letter I have by me complains of this. It was addressed to Mr. Perry, the then editor of the "Sun," and runs as follows:—

"Tavistock House,
"Tavistock Square.

"MY DEAR SIR—I do not require you to take up the cudgels for me; but if not discordant with your musical ideas, I would wish to hint in your valuable paper, at the *degraded state* of musical criticism, when one of the greatest beauties of vocal performances, namely, what the Italians call, *posta di voce*, which may be interpreted the swelling and diminishing of the voice, that upon which the celebrated Farinelli prided himself, and which all the great modern vocalists are ambitious of attaining, the envy of nerveless and powerless singers, is compared to a *Mail Coach Horn*! By the same reason the Æolian Harp may be compared to the east wind singing

through a cranny, or an equal and well intonated shake to a fit of the palsy, &c. &c.

"I am, dear sir,

"Yours, most sincerely,

"JOHN BRAHAM."

An engagement at Covent Garden now gave me the opportunity of singing with Miss Paton and Mr. Wood, in some operas of foreign structure, which were very cleverly and dramatically put together by Rophino Lacy. The first of them was 'Ivanhoe,' founded on Sir Walter Scott's novel, to which Rossini's music was adapted.

In this opera I played the character of Cedric, and gained much reputation by a Bacchanalian song, and chorus, and a grand duet I had with Miss Paton.

The next opera was 'Il Barbière', in which I played Figaro, and figured away for the second time as a dancer. How I got through the *Largo al factotum*, and danced to my guitar without the most remote knowledge of any-

thing approaching a step, I really cannot say. However my kind audience were pleased, and, I presume, fancied I could dance better, if I had taken the pains. Altogether, my impersonation of the character was certainly approved of; and on the morinng after its first representation I received the following lines from my esteemed friend George Lance, the greatest painter of still life that ever lived.

IMPROMPTU

On witnessing the first performance of Mr. H. Phillips, as Figaro:

"All hail to thee, spruce, spic and span new Figaro,
Sure none before e'er cut so good a Figure, oh!!!
Compar'd to thee all else must count for Figure, O!!!!
Indeed, they are not worth a *Fig-a-row!!!!!*

"G. LANCE, 18 Hundred ☞ 30-too."

To these operas succeeded the greatest musical representation that I believe this or any other country ever witnessed, viz. an English version of *Mose in Egitto*, mixed with the music of Handel and Rossini. It was represented on the Wednesdays and Fridays in Lent, and drew together the most densely crowded audiences

Drury Lane had ever held. Miss Paton represented Miriam; Sequin, Pharoah; and myself Moses. The chorus was very fine, and their singing of the 'Horse and his Rider' produced one of the most thrilling effects imaginable. The last scene in this wondrous drama pourtrayed the dividing of the water, and the passage of the Red Sea. When the waves closed on the pursuing enemy, we appeared on rocks on either side, Miss Paton executing the Recitative, 'Sing ye to the Lord;' and the chorus repeating the 'Horse and his Rider;' while by machinery the host of Pharoah was seen struggling in the sea beneath. A more sublime or impressive lesson of religious truth was, I believe, never conveyed to the public mind; but prejudice and bigotry rose in arms against it, and its repetition the season following was forbidden. From this period the Lenten Oratorios began to wane in attraction; but little novelty was produced, with the exception of Beethoven's 'Mount of Olives,' which was introduced by Sir George Smart, and most favourably received, and performed at

nearly all the Musical Festivals for years after. In it the first sister duet singers also appeared, viz. the Misses Cawse, and exceedingly well they sang, on their first appearance, in the second act. Most of the principal singers stood at the side of the orchestra to hear them, including Mr. Braham. At the end of their first duet his opinion was solicited, when he said, "Very good, indeed; great effects from little Cawses."

In the coming summer of 1829, there was produced at the English Opera House Marschner's beautiful Opera of 'Der Vampyr,' the last in which I ever sang, in that ill-fated building. The Misses Cawse had now gained considerable reputation, as, indeed, they deserved, for both had beautiful voices; the eldest, Mary Cawse, having a high soprano, and the other, Harriet, a mezzo soprano of great beauty and expression. Her singing of that beautiful melody in the opera, 'From the Ruin's topmost Tower,' was one of the most enchanting things I ever listened to, and never failed in its effect, being invariably encored. Sapio was our tenor,

and Miss Betts our principal soprano; Miss Mary Cawse our second soprano. The character allotted to me, was certainly one of the greatest I ever had to represent, and the beauty and difficulty of the music far surpassed any Opera yet produced. It was first performed on Tuesday, 25th August, 1829.

After the Autumnal Musical Festivals, I again visited Bath, and made the acquaintance of Haines Bayley, the poet, who, having been long resident there, had (without my knowledge) closely observed my gradual advancement, and drew my attention to a ballad he had written, set to music, or arranged (I know not which, for some said it was a French air) by Sir Henry Bishop; this was, 'O no, we never mention her.' The poetry was well adapted to my feelings, for I was desperately in love, at that time, with at least a dozen whose names were never heard. I felt I could give full expression to the ballad, so sang it, and the effect it produced was, indeed, great; I was always encored in this song. It was evident to all that I sang

it with peculiar pathos, and I seemed so deeply affected, that the audience invariably brought me back again, *to witness my misery*!

From sport to sport they hurried me, to banish my regret,
And when they won a smile from me, they thought that I forgot.

Which is neither rhyme nor Bailey's poetry, but it means the same thing, and will do for the present; at all events, it is not worse than old Mathews's version of

There once was a cobbler who liv'd in a stall,
Which served him for parlour, and kitchen, and *everything else.*

CHAPTER XII.

THIS ballad, 'O no, we never mention her,' put thousands of pounds into the pocket of the publisher, a profit in which, I am sorry to say, I did not in any degree participate. I was content, however; for the song enhanced my popularity, and engagements consequent on it remunerated me sufficiently; it also laid the foundation of a long list of songs, equally effective, and as generally popular. I attribute a great portion of my success to the care I took in the selection of my poetry, always endeavouring, and rarely failing, to identify myself with the song; making it appear as if it were descriptive of what I had felt, experi-

enced, or imagined. If this rule were more closely considered and adhered to by the singers of the present day, we should no doubt have many more popular songs. There is an error into which most of our modern composers have fallen, which has not improved their melodies, viz., instead of relying wholly on the genius Nature may have given them, they try to imitate the German school, even to the key that race of writers select. I have seen many of our late songs and ballads in five or six flats, which, to the eye, at all events, is not in consonance with our ideas of simple and inspired melody. Fancy the naval songs of Charles Dibdin in such extraneous keys.

My thoughts were now seriously directed towards composition, for I did not see why I should not be capable of writing some songs for myself. I had from my earliest youth had an inclination for this, and possessed a little manuscript book in which I had written some trifling songs of my own composition, illustrating them with coloured drawings. The only diffi-

culty I saw before me was the poetry. Mere chance threw some in my way, which proved, I may say, my greatest success.

I was staying for a few weeks' recreation at Margate, and one morning sallied forth with my sketch-book to draw some fishing-boats lying high on the beach. I also took a book that belonged to the lodging-house to amuse myself with when tired of drawing. Opening it, I found it to be a collection of poetry, extracts from many authors, and by mere chance I turned to some words beginning,

> "Shalle I, wastynge in despaire,
> Die because a woman's faire?"

"Bravo!" thought I; "he was a sensible fellow, whoever he might be, that wrote those two lines;" so I went on, delighted with the theme, and on arriving at its conclusion, I exultingly said to myself, "Those are exactly my sentiments, and I feel confident I can set them to music." Away I went home, hugging my ideas by the way. Seated at my pianoforte, I

instantly conceived the melody, wrote it down, and taking it to London, sang it, as I did everything, to my friend Mori. He, not entering into my feelings, as I presume, cast a cool look upon it, doubting its success. I offered it to him for ten guineas. No! he'd rather hear it in public first; so matters remained till the opportunity occurred, when it created quite a furore.

"Ten guineas!" said Mori.

"No, my friend, I want thirty guineas now."

"It might not be so successful next time," replied Mori.

"Very well," said I, "let it remain."

I sang it again; a greater encore than the first time.

"Give me the manuscript," said Mori; "thirty guineas."

I shook my head.

"No! I will not take less than sixty."

This drove him almost frantic, for he now evidently, saw its future career.

"Forty guineas," said Mori."

"No!"

"Fifty."

"No!"

"Very well, there's a check for sixty; give me the song."

He had it.

Next day we had to travel to Brighton and other concerts on the Sussex coast. As we journeyed he repented of his bargain, pulled out the manuscript, and thought mournfully of his cheque for sixty guineas.

"Don't distress yourself," I said, "I'll give you seventy guineas to have it back."

The song was again mine. Next morning he repented, and offered me eighty. He had it; and so during our journey it almost daily changed hands, till he became the final purchaser at one hundred and twenty guineas; and often, has he since told me, that it was worth five thousand to him. The train being now laid, day and night, I sought for words. My success caused all sorts of themes to be pointed out to

me, and eventually I had no lack of original authors at my command.

It was not, till I had sang two or three seasons at the Antient Concerts, that I became thoroughly impressed with the peculiar refinement in the execution of Handel's music, exhibited by the accomplished vocalists of that orchestra. I was also often surprised at the mode in which François Cramer played the symphonies before and between the intervals of a song, repeating the graces the vocalists had just used. I knew those notes were not in his copy, and a considerable period elapsed before I became fully aware that it was in imitation of what Handel himself did when presiding at the organ. Joah Bates, the first conductor, had noticed all this when closely observing Handel; he had imparted it to Greatorex, his successor, and Greatorex to Cramer; thus, the style, elegance, and reading of the Handelian school remained intact, and ever existed while those concerts survived, but since their cessation, all has fallen to decay; the reading, the style, the

elegance, and the time of all and everything has taken an opposite course, and the original intention of the author may possibly never be restored.

When alluding in a previous chapter to the last Opera produced at the English Opera House, 'Der Vampyr', I forgot to record the most classical work of all, given by that company the season previous. This was an adaptation of Mozart's 'Cosi fan tutti,' and was performed on Tuesday evening, July 29, 1828.

After proving a great success, and drawing crowded audiences for many weeks, it was to be succeeded by an Opera of Weigl, entitled 'The Pirate of Genoa,' a comic Opera, in which I had an excellent part; while Mr. Joe Wood was our principal tenor. The night appointed for its production was Monday, 1st September. The Saturday previous was understood to be the last grand rehearsal, but the fates had decreed it otherwise. Master Joe Wood had passed the greater portion of his life in Yorkshire, where his father's and friends' estates held out great temptations to the country sportsman. Conse-

quently, a brace of partridges looked much more tempting in the eyes of our tenor than a brace of operas; and, coming on the stage when all had assembled to commence the rehearsal, he said to Mr. Arnold, "This Opera cannot be produced on Monday, which will be the first of September, on which day I have always gone out shooting, and nothing shall prevent my doing so now." All arguments failed to shake his determination, so the singers and the orchestra had to walk home, and the Opera was postponed till Friday, the fifth, when, Master Wood's propensities having been gratified, he sang like a Trojan: and the work proved a great success, bringing down more encores than our friend did partridges.

Through Mori, I became acquainted with Bochsa, the harpist, who had been most severely handled by the press, when appointed one of the instructors at the Royal Academy of Music. All sorts of tales were current, in reference to his former career and present delinquencies—whether founded on truth or not, I never took the trouble

to ascertain. His knowledge of music was great. He was the most eminent master of his instrument living, and I never experienced anything but great kindness from him, as he evinced a desire, at every opportunity, to promote my interests. I had therefore no right to look too deeply into his early follies, whatever they might have been, but conducted myself towards him as he did to me. Putting aside all else, no one could deny him the title of being a man of great and erudite genius. One circumstance alone would prove his wonderful quickness and ability. His writings were chiefly in the hands of D'Almaine, the Music Publishers, of Soho Square. Some melody which had become very popular, they wanted arranged for the harp and pianoforte, with a number of variations, and accordingly dispatched a messenger to Bochsa's house in Golden Square, requesting him to do this, and let them have it as soon as possible. The messenger being told to ask for a reply, the answer Bochsa returned was—"The man is to wait." The man did wait for some three quarters

of an hour, when the servant delivered him a roll of music, saying—"You are to give that to Mr. D'Almaine, with Mr. Bochsa's compliments." When opened, it turned out to be the melody, re-harmonized, and with six or eight elaborate variations. This wonderful feat went the round of the profession, and every one acknowledged it a surprising mental effort. During each season he gave many public concerts, and always founded his individual attraction on this one circumstance, which was largely placarded in every bill—"Mr. Bochsa will perform a Grand Fantasia, with New Effects!" On this often repeated announcement was founded one of my practical jokes, in which I produced some new effects, that astonished and perplexed the celebrated harpist.

It was in November, and during a long round of engagements in the North of England, that Mr. Hay engaged me for a concert at Shrewsbury. I had no idea who the other singers were to be, so merely sent him the songs I intended to sing, and there the matter rested. It

was a fearful day, cold, and the rain descending in torrents, when, of necessity I took my place on the outside of the coach, and arrived at the Talbot Hotel about seven o'clock. I had fortunately written to the landlord to have a fire in my bed-room, and some dinner prepared, so that I might lose no time in getting refreshment, and dressing at the same time. I was all but drenched to the skin; my hat was pliant as brown paper; my great coat, which had a large cape, looked like a collection of water-spouts, as I ran up stairs to my bed-room, which was the first I came to, in a very long passage and range of sleeping apartments. I was just entering this apartment, when I heard a smothered twiddle, twiddle, twiddle, apparently from the extreme end of the passage. "Some of the persons engaged for the concert to-night," thought I. So I enquired of the waiter who was to sing at the concert. He told me, "Madame Caradori and Mr. Sapio." "Who was that I heard playing just now? it sounded like a harp." "Mr. Bochsa, sir," was the reply. A thought imme-

diately flashed across me, of a fine opportunity for a practical joke, and my preliminary steps were immediately taken. (I must explain that Bochsa, like all other instrumental soloists, always had a fire in his bed-room, and practised his concertos as if he had never tried them before. Fortunately, this mode of proceeding was not followed by such professors as Harper, with his trumpet, or Chipp, with his double drums, or we should have had an outcry in every hotel in the United Kingdom.) Half-a-crown placed in the hand of the waiter induced him to put on a very grave face, and tell Mr. Bochsa that a gentleman from the country had just driven in, and wished to speak to him immediately. Bochsa no doubt thought it was an offer of some important engagement, and desired the waiter to show the gentleman his room. I had now resumed my saturated great coat, tied my travelling shawl close over my mouth, and pulled my shapeless hat as much over my eyes as possible; then, having assumed a nasal tone of voice, I stumped along the passage after the waiter, exclaiming, "Which

is Muster Boxees?" The door being opened, there stood the great man (for great he was, in every sense of the word), before a blazing fire, in his flannel under-waistcoat, with one arm hanging loosely over his harp, peering with half-closed eyes at his unexpected visitor, for he was very short-sighted. By his side stood a little table, on which was placed coffee, toast, and a small glass of brandy.

"Good marnin to 'ee," I said; "is your name Boxee?"

"Yes, sare," he said, very politely.

With that I took a chair and sat down near the fire, while my coat began to smoke like a roasted apple.

"I've cum," I said, "Mr. Boxee, a good mony moiles on purpose to have a lesson on the 'arp."

"What, sare?" he exclaimed, eyeing me still more closely.

I didn't flinch, but repeated, "A lesson on the 'arp."

"Oh, nonsense, sare! I cannot give de lesson now."

"Ah! but oi moost have a lesson. I wants to larn the new effects."

"New devils, sare! I desire to tell you I cannote give de lesson now."

Unheeding all he said, I continued,—

"What price do 'ee charge, Muster Boxee, a lesson?"

"I have de guinea, sare," he said, very petulantly.

"That's a good proice, Muster Boxee, oi cannot gie thee a guinea, but I'll tell thee what O'il give thee—foive shilling and two legs o' poork!"

He now stamped with rage, exclaiming,—

"I do not eat de pork, sare! I do not want de five shillin'! I have not de time, sare! I must dress for de consairte!" he roared out, and again stamped with rage.

I sat perfectly cool, not taking the slightest notice of his agitation, when, suddenly, he tried the soothing system; and, with watch in hand, gently approached me, and in the most placid and supplicating tones, said,—

"I cannote give de lesson, sare; it is half-past seven. De consairte begin at eight. I do not eat de pork, sare; and I have note de time, sare."

"Well then," I replied, "O'il gie thee three and sixpence and three legs o' poork."

"O, mon Dieu!" roared poor Bochsa, almost tearing his hair. "Vat de devel de pork to me, sare! Go, sare! get avay, sare!" and thereupon he rang the bell violently, exclaiming, "Morbleu, I shall go ver mad!"

Up came the waiter, quite in alarm.

"Bring me sum hot brandy and water," I said, "or oi shall cotch my death o' cold."

"I wish you had, sare, before you come! Will you go, sare?" he demanded.

"Noah!" I roared in return. "Oi've cum near twenty moiles, to larn the new effects, and (slapping my hand down upon my knee) a'm dom'd if oi go without um!! I'll gie 'ee fower legs o' pork, and hafe-a-croon."

"Ah, mon Dieu! I shall have him down on de top of de stairs. De devel take de pork,

sare, I have note de time!" said he, almost shedding tears.

The hands of the clock were approaching eight, at which hour we should both be required. So I raised my hat, opened my coat, and said, in my own voice,—

"Then you will not give me a lesson?"

"What!!" he cried out, clasping his hands, and staggering back as if he had been shot, "Phileeps!" And straightway he threw both arms round my neck, and swung me like a child about the room, so great was his ecstacy at being so completely deceived.

In after years he never forgot this evening; but frequently, when writing to engage me, he would say,—"Can you accept a concert on such an evening, if so, I will teach you the new effects!"

In 1848 he wrote from New York, to ask me if I would again visit America, adding, "If you will, we'll teach them some NEW EFFECTS!"

CHAPTER XIII.

THE Old Lyceum, with its grey dust of years, was unfortunately burnt to the ground, sadly, I believe, reducing the fortune of its lessee, Mr. Arnold. A considerable period elapsed before sufficient capital could be raised in shares to erect another building on its site, during which time the former glory of the English Opera House, and its favourite artists, were fast waning. It is a most strange thing in England how soon the public forget. Once withdrawn, whether by design or accident, it is impossible ever to regain the position formerly held. I have experienced this in many instances, as the sequel of my recollections will show.

At length the new English Opera House was finished, by Mr. Beazley, the architect, Mr. Arnold still retaining his position. R. B. Peake remained our treasurer, while Mr. Serle was stage-manager. It was decided to open with a new opera, entitled 'Nourgahad,' which some years previously was produced at Drury Lane theatre as a drama, the libretto being by Mr. Arnold. The dialogue was now curtailed, poetry written for songs, &c., and the music composed by Edward Loder, son of the celebrated John Loder, and a pupil of Ferdinand Ries. It was only tolerably successful, there being too much dialogue, consequently it did not assume the actual character of an opera. One effective song I had, "There's a light in her laughing eye," which was generally encored. It was florid, and therefore beyond the reach of most to execute. But it gained sufficient reputation to induce Mr. John Reeves, the then popular comedian of the Adelphi theatre, to introduce a parody upon it, the two first lines of which were—

"There's a light in her laughing eye,
Like the fruit in a gooseberry pie."

This elegant turn given to a really beautiful song displeased me very much, and I never sang it with the same pleasure afterwards.

The non-success of this opera left the resources of the theatre literally at a very low ebb. The revival of some of the former operas was tried (as during the interim of the fire and rebuilding of the theatre at the Adelphi), but the freshness and charm had vanished.

During this interval of suspense and anxiety, I heard of an opera by my former fellow-student, John Barnett, founded on the ballet of 'The Sylphide,' then made so universally popular by the exquisite dancing of Taglioni. I was induced by many friends to call on Mr. Barnett, and hear some portion of his work. I did so, and was charmed with it. I reported my visit to Mr. Arnold, who, in the then dearth of novelty, gladly accepted the opportunity to hear it. The opera was played and sang through,

universally approved, accepted, and put into rehearsal, its vocal cast being—Miss Romer the sylph, Wilson Donald, while I myself was Hela, the wizard.

Miss Romer, our soprano, had a charming liquid voice, a figure light as air, the smallest foot I ever saw possessed by a European lady, and she was, moreover, an admirable and graceful actress. Possessed of all those qualities, no wonder she imparted such an exquisite grace and beauty to her personation of the sylph—a personation which, considered as a whole, has not by any singer yet been equalled.

John Wilson, our tenor, was in his element; a 'bonnie Scotsman' he was to the back bone, and now in his Highland costume, and singing his native melodies, he entered into the character *con amore*. He had indeed a lovely voice, sufficiently cultivated to impart a superior feeling to the melodies of Scotland, combined with a manly delivery which impressed upon one, the importance, and nationality, of his subject. His upper tones were at times enchant-

ing, reminding me very much of Donzelli, one of the purest tenors I have heard since my early recollection of Incledon. This was the Donald.

For myself, I was not in my native costume, being in rags and tatters, and apparently not having been washed during the last six months; which reminds me of a foreigner, who, staying at some boarding house in Brighton, came down to breakfast, pale and trembling. On being asked if he was ill, he replied—

"No; I have only done a very foolish ting dis morning."

"Indeed!" said the visitors; "what?"

"Oh!" he explained, "I have vashed my neck!!"

I am sure mine did not look as if it had ever been exposed to such a dangerous proceeding since I was born, and yet, notwithstanding my almost disgusting appearance, I contrived to render Hela one of the most popular characters in which I ever appeared. Every variety of music was introduced for me to execute, duetts, trios,

quartetts, solos with chorusses, two scenas, but *no ballad.* The ballad had by this time become a necessary appendage to all my representations, and a ballad I must have. Mr. Barnett was consulted, saw no difficulty, and requested me to look over his portfolio of melodies, which he had composed at various times. I did so, but could not decide on any that I thought would suit the character. We were about to relinquish our search, when, perceiving a loose sheet of music paper lying on the pianoforte, I inquired what it was. "A mere sketch," said Barnett, "of a melody I wrote some years since to a German translation of Campbell's words, 'My heart's in the Highlands:' Let us try it." We did, found it a very pretty melody, and decided that words should be written to it, that he should compose an intermediate part, and bring in the melody again. This agreed on, and the words written, there stood the ballad, for the wizard to sing in the second act, where a situation was found for its introduction. I rehearsed it; found it to be the general impression that it was a patched-up

song for the occasion, and little notice was taken of it, till the last rehearsal, on the day the opera was to be produced, when it was decided by the management that it had better be omitted, as three ballads came together. First, Jessie's, then Donald's, and afterwards mine. Three ballads immediately following each other would risk the success of the opera, and mine must be left out. I shrugged my shoulders, and silently consented. The evening arrived, the overture was half over, when I received a message, saying, I had better try it, perhaps, for the first night. The opera was a decided success till the first act closed. The second flagged, the two ballads failed; and now came my dreaded and disputed third. The scene changed from the interior of a cottage to a beautiful valley, with a distant village church. Into this enchanting spot I entered, and having surveyed its beauties first, uttered a short soliloquy, and there, in my dirt and rags, sang—'Farewell to the mountain, and sun-lighted vale!' The effect was immense; so much so, that I had to sing the ballad three

times; and so the song remained ever after. In fact the moment the symphony began, the applause completely drowned it, till the moment arrived for me to commence. This was not the first instance in which a doubt existed in the mind of the management as to the necessity, or prudence, or policy, of a ballad being given to me in a similar position, nor the first instance of a song becoming popular which was not written for the work in which it was afterwards produced.

Before leaving the establishment in which this and former operas were first performed, I must mention some singular personages that existed amongst us. First, let us look at the chorus, not numerous, but highly respectable; which consisted of about eight basses, six tenors, four altos, and ten ladies, short, tall, thin, fat, funny, serious, and melancholy. One little gentleman had a tinge of the mulatto, possessed a roguish twinkle of the eye, and had the reputation of being a perfect Don Giovanni. Where his fascination lay I cannot tell, but all the ladies of the chorus were in love with him. Then

we had a middle-aged lady with remarkably carrotty hair, who was always smiling and smirking, and evidently thought she was as handsome as Queen Elizabeth; perhaps, indeed, she was not very far from the mark. Further, we had a very stout, important alto, who, becoming impressed with the idea that she was the queen of beauty, eventually married her, and shared with her his throne. His air and manner always conveyed the idea that he was overburthened with knowledge, *as yet undiscovered.* One fine summer afternoon I was wending my way up Drury Lane towards Russell Square, when at a distance I saw my pompous friend approaching with a quart pewter-pot in one hand, and something in the other, which I could not exactly make out. As we approached each other, I saw it was a large piece of cat's-meat on a skewer. Suddenly his eyes fell on me, and I presume not liking the disgrace of having two such costly articles in his possession, he popped the cat's-meat into the quartpot, and majestically walked on.

Our chorus was not then what choruses have since become; action and dramatic effect was left much to the genius and imagination of the singers; and considering the small stipend they weekly received, the *imagination* might certainly be great, but the genius, I fear, admitted but of little speculation. In fact, refined thought or participation in the scene was undreamed of by the most intellectual of the throng. If they were bid point to any particular spot, they would stick out one finger and raise their arms about two inches from their sides, as if they were made of lead, and could not be forced further. If surprise or horror were to be depicted, they would turn the backs of their hands towards their faces, and square their elbows. Some, more sensible than the rest, might possibly turn their heads aside, or lift one leg, with about as much grace as a Knight Templar cut on a slab in a ruined abbey. The general information conveyed to them by the manager was, "Somebody's coming," and they all stretched out their necks to see who it was;

then somebody was to be murdered at their very feet, and they must appear as if they did not altogether approve of it. At a marriage, they must each look towards one another, and smile and nod, and move their hands, as much as to say, "Who would have thought it?" while the ballet girls exhibited awkward steps in the churchyard in gauze dresses, which, if the churchyard had been reality, must have endangered their lives. Such was our training in that day; how wondrous its improvement in a short time after!

A little retrospect will place me right in the gradual advance of my ballad-singing. Previous to my becoming so celebrated for the singing of 'Farewell to the Mountain,' I had produced a song which spread its popularity over the civilized world almost as rapidly as if the wires of the telegraph had transmitted its melody to the farthest pole: this was 'The Old English Gentleman.' Having been invited to an evening party in the City where music was to be the presiding deity, I met (I believe for the first

time) an amateur of some celebrity, Mr. Crewe, who was a bookseller in Lamb's Conduit Street, and possessed of a beautiful voice. He sang the Irish Melodies charmingly, generally without accompaniment, which gave them a wildness and originality that at times was quite enchanting. 'Rich and rare were the gems she wore,' was one of his great songs; in fact, I think he rarely escaped without singing it. This evening he threw off his bardic mantle, and sang a song we had never heard before, 'The Old English Gentleman.' All were in raptures with it; "Whose was it?"—"Where did it come from?"—"How did you obtain it?" were the questions put from all quarters, terminating with, "Do sing it again!" As for me, I was in ecstasies; I saw in an instant what I could do with it, and eagerly inquired where it could be obtained? whether I might introduce it to the public? &c. &c. I felt it was a fortune to me if I could be the person to do so. Mr. Crewe informed me it was a very old song, and that any one had a right to it. With this I begged a

copy, which he said he would send me next day. In strict accordance with his promise I received, and immediately began to study, it. My conception of the reading was rapid in the extreme, and I soon gained the confidence necessary for its production; but one thing presented itself as an obstacle to its success, which was, that the third verse related to the death of the Old English Gentleman. "This won't do," thought I; "The living multitudes do not like to hear of old gentlemen dying," so I wrote a fourth verse myself, which ran thus—

"These good old times have pass'd away, and all such customs fled,
We've now no fine old gentlemen, or young ones in their stead;
Necessity has driven hope and charity away,
Yet may we live to welcome back that memorable day,
Which rear'd those fine old gentlemen, all of the olden time."

The first time I sang it in public was at a grand concert given on the stage of Her Majesty's Italian Opera in the Haymarket, where

Sir George Smart conducted. We had a very large orchestra, led by Mori, and nearly all the first Italian and English singers appeared during the evening. Towards the end of the first act I sat down to the grand pianoforte, and commenced 'The Old English Gentleman.' At the end of the first verse the applause was great; at the termination of the second verse still greater; at the third, it increased; and at the end such a storm arose, that I was quite bewildered, and could not understand whether it meant condemnation of my song, or a re-demand. In my hesitation I hurried off the stage, and made for our ante-room at the back. Sir George hastened after me, saying, rather angrily (as, indeed, he well might, not knowing what my feelings were), "Why don't you come back?"

"What is it, Sir George?" I said, "are they hissing me?"

"Hissing!" he replied, "no, it's a tremendous encore."

And it was an encore; indeed, such as I had never received before, and have never witnessed

since. After that you may be sure I fired away at the 'Old English Gentleman' wherever I went. Next morning my friend Mori, who always sought for matters which were good and reasonable, asked me all about this song, as he was impatient to publish it. I told him all I knew, where I first heard it, shewed him the manuscript copy sent to me by Mr. Crewe, and that I understood from that gentleman it was a very old song, and the property of any one who liked to take it up.

With this information Mori prepared for its publication, and in less than a week it appeared with my name on the title-page, and a conspicuous line saying no copy was correct or genuine but that published by Mori, and signed by me. The song began to sell immensely, and for a few days promised an abundant harvest; when lo! out came an edition by Mr. Purday, of Holborn, and, simultaneous with that, half-a-dozen other music shops issued *their* version, for it spread rapidly that I had said it was an old song and the property of any one. Mr.

Purday fired the first shot, by issuing a notice to all transgressors that the song was his property, and his alone, and demanding the immediate withdrawal of all other editions, and an account of all the copies that had been sold. A most unenviable mark, I stood in the midst of all this contention. Mr. Purday was outrageous at my daring assertion, and the others, passionately inquiring what I meant by deceiving them, I could do no more than repeat my information, and name the gentleman who told me, and who, I have no doubt, was fully impressed with the truth of his statement. Mr. Purday publicly questioned my veracity; and Mr. Mori threatened me with all sorts of vengeance for having deceived him; until, in the end, all set Mr. Purday at defiance, and that gentleman having nothing left but to bring the case before a jury, an action was consequently commenced and fixed to take place with as little delay as possible in Westminster Hall.

Mr. Purday everywhere asserted he had purchased the copyright, which was not then cre-

dited: for though he was not a very young looking gentleman, we were quite sure that he did not live during the reign of Elizabeth, at or about which period we knew the words were written. So all remained a mystery, till the trial, which was certainly a very droll one, and caused more laughter than is usually heard in courts of law.

All the editions were now withdrawn, with the exception of that claimed by Mr. Purday, and, by the day fixed for the trial, every species of musical authority had been summoned, as it became evident to the legal advisers that the question must turn upon the originality of the melody. It would not be sufficient for even the author to make oath that it was his composition, if it was like something else, for people generally thought the air was familiar. All speculation at length ceased, and the musical world stood breathless, waiting the issue of this interesting inquiry. When the trial came on the court was crowded with persons connected with such matters.

The first witness called became terribly confused, stuttered, and stammered—didn't know, and couldn't say — thought it was not an original melody: fancied he knew it well, or had heard it before, but would not swear to it; so he was bid to stand down, after ruffling and perplexing the barristers on both sides.

The author swore to the composing of the melody: that is, he "*thinks he did;*" suggested the one barrister, while the other insisted that the man of genius ought to know best.

"Not at all," was the reply. "I might as well write a grand chorus, and complain that Handel had copied every note of it; the thing is ridiculous." He proceeded, "If the melody, or whatever it is, happens to be like other things, or, as it has been hinted to me, is nothing more than a common exercise, the composer must have written it during some very comfortable dream, and waking, flattered himself that he had set the old words to a new, beautiful, and original melody. I have known many instances of great com-

posers doing a similar thing, that is, writing on a theme, which had long been impressed upon the brain, and which remained there until they fancied it original. However, we'll submit that question to greater musical authorities than myself, all of whom will, I have no doubt, bear out my statement. Call Mr. Henry R. Bishop."

After the usual preliminary questions, Mr. Bishop was asked "Whether he thought the melody was an original one?"

"He could not say—it might be, or it might not be: he fancied he had heard it before, or something very like it: but could not trace it: had tried, but failed; and to the extent of his belief, he really did not know, and couldn't say;" so he stood down, and we all remained as wise as ever.

The counsel on both sides were much irritated by the difficulty of eliciting anything like a decided opinion; and the judge was showing evidences of being as much puzzled as the rest, when Mr. Tom Cook was called.

Up jumped Mr. Tom into the witness box as light as a fairy. Every one seemed under the impression that this witness would turn the scale, though the barristers were much disposed to think, with Dr. Johnson, that "fiddlers have no brains."

Counsel. Your name is Thomas Cooke, I believe?

Tom. So I've always been led to believe.

Counsel. And a professor of music?

Tom. A professor of the divine art.

Counsel. We'll put the divinity aside, for the present, Mr. Cooke.

Tom. (*sotto voce*) Don't like music.

Counsel. Do you know a song called "The Old English Gentleman?"

Tom. No! I do not; I've heard it.

Counsel. Don't know it, but has heard it, my Lud. I suppose, sir, if you were ask'd, you could sing it?

Tom. I'm not quite sure that I could, I've a bad memory, unless I receive a refresher. (A loud laugh through the court was the re-

sponse to this witticism, during which the examining counsel shook his head violently).

Usher. ——Si——lence.

Counsel. I see you're inclined to be very witty, Mr. Cooke.

Tom. Upon my honour I am not, I'm only telling the truth. (Another general laugh.)

Usher. ——Si——lence.

Counsel. Now, Mr. Cooke, attend particularly to this question, "Do you, or do you not believe that the melody in dispute is an ancient melody or a *modern one?*"

Tom. Well, that you see, depends entirely on when it was written. It might be five hundred years old, or it may have been written yesterday. It's a mighty accommodating tune, and would do for either period.

Counsel. It really appears to me that there is no probability of coming to any definite conclusion unless his lordship and the court were to hear it. We cannot ask you, Mr. Cooke, of course, to sing it; but if you had an instrument could you play it?

Tom. What! at sight? (A roar of laughter.)

Counsel. I don't know what you mean by at sight, sir, but if the tune were put before you, could you play it?

Tom. I think, if my nerve does not fail me, I could.

Counsel. What instrument can we get you, sir?

Tom. O anything.

Counsel. O anything. A Jew's Harp.

Tom. No; it might require a Jew's eye to read the music.

Counsel. (Much ruffled) Will a fiddle do, sir?

Tom. Yes.

Counsel. Let a fiddle be got.

A rather long pause now ensued, while a messenger sought for the violin, during which the barristers conversed with great earnestness. Some laughed, others frowned, while the judge looked over his memoranda. At length a fiddle was brought into court, when the counsel, addressing the judge said,—

"Beg pardon, my Lud, I presume you have no objection to the music being tried in court?"

Judge. Oh no, not at all, if the witness will oblige us.

Tom. (Who jumped as an Irish boy would into the witness box again) said, It'll be the pride of my heart, my lord.

The fiddle was handed to him, he tuned it, and placed the music before him.

A suppressed laugh ran through the court, Mr. Cooke had just produced the first note, when the usher called out—Si——lence.

Tom. What, mus'n't I play it?

Counsel. Yes, yes. Go on, sir.

Mr. Cooke played it slowly and deliberately through.

Judge. Is that all?

Tom. It is, my lord.

Judge. Well, that appears to be very simple and easy.

Tom (holding out the bow and violin). It is, *Will your lordship try it?*

This sally was followed by roars of laughter,

which for many minutes could not be suppressed, while the counsel got awfully red in the face with rage.

Counsel. Now, Mr. Cooke, as you profess to be a musician, will you tell us, in the first place, is that which you have just played a melody?

Tom. Well, I really don't think it is. The first part is merely ascending the scale, and the few bars afterwards I don't think amount to a melody.

Counsel. This is evading the question. Do you know what a melody is?

Tom. I'm an Irishman, and *I think I do.*

Counsel. Well, define it.

Tom. Define what? (both parties were now in a passion).

Counsel. Define, sir, what is a melody.

Tom. It's impossible.

Counsel. Can you decline a verb, sir?

Tom. I think I can.

Counsel. Do then.

Tom. (Seeming to think, and casting his eyes about him with a satirical smile,) said, I'm an

ass, he's an ass, and (pointing to the barrister) YOU'RE AN ASS. (Roars of laughter, in which the Judge joined).

Counsel. Let that witness stand down.

CHAPTER XIV.

ALL means and witnesses having failed to stamp the song as an original melody, the decision was left in the hands of the jury, who, under all the circumstances, declared in favour of Mr. Purday, and he became the sole possessor of the '*Old English Gentleman.*'

By this time, what with my success in 'O no we never mention her,' 'Farewell to the Mountain,' and the 'Old English Gentlemen,' my position at the Antient Concerts, and the few festivals I had attended, I was recognised as the successor of Mr. Bartleman, and considered the Primo Baritono wherever I sang.

Before I allude to the festivals and concerts at which I was engaged, let me say a few words with reference to Sir George Smart, whose services as a conductor were as indispensable at a concert as those of the most popular vocalists. Sir George's most remarkable feature was, his *extreme punctuality* in connection with every department of the orchestra; nothing was overlooked or left undone. To the instant of time he began, and, I believe, could generally tell within a few minutes, of when he should terminate. A more rigid and methodical man of business I never met; we all knew that nothing would be wanting where he was the conductor.

Frequently it happened that some lady would arrive just in time to sing, and find that she had left her voice part at home! Flying to Sir George, she would tell her piteous tale, when he would smilingly reply, "I thought it was not unlikely, so I brought one with me."

He was certainly a Duke of Wellington amongst us, and I believe perfectly aware of the

fact, for he always called us his *troops;* and under admirable discipline we were.

After the production and lengthened success of the 'Mountain Sylph,' I did all in my power to prevail on Mr. Arnold to produce an opera by Mr. Balfe, whose acquaintance I had made when we were both young men, at a musical party, given by a German, at his lodgings, near Covent Garden. His talent, in a variety of ways, I remember to have been very conspicuous that evening, but it was some considerable time after this, that I came to a knowledge of his opera.

Mr. Arnold being negligent of my application, I mentioned the matter to Mr. Bunn, then lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, who eagerly listened to my description of the work, which was promptly accepted, and produced.

This opera, 'The Siege of Rochelle,' was full of life, vigour, and originality, abounded in melody, and was arranged most dramatically.

Its success was great, and yielded a great harvest both to the composer and the treasury.

My ballad in it, 'When I beheld the anchor weighed,' became a great favourite; and a duett for two basses, *Montalban*, Mr. Giubelei, the character, a great rascal, and *Michel*, myself, a kind of courier, formed one of the great features of the opera. At this point of the drama, Montalban tried to bribe me to aid him in carrying off a young lady, Clara, (Miss Shireff;) but, having some doubts of my integrity, said, "If you disobey my commands, then this dagger to your heart," drawing the fearful weapon from his breast. I feigned alarm, and related a fable to him, at the termination of which I drew a brace of pistols, one out of each boot, and presented them at his head, compelling him to retreat in the opposite direction, to the scene of his intended crime.

Previous to the production of this opera, Mr. Bunn had introduced to the English stage Madame Malibran, who appeared in the 'Somnambula,' and received one hundred guineas a night, which sum, great as was her talent, she did not draw to the theatre. Notwithstanding

this, Mr. Bunn entered into a further engagement with her, and was very anxious to bring her out in a new opera. He consulted me upon the occasion, and, amongst other things, asked me, if I thought Mr. Balfe had talent enough to write an opera for so great a vocalist. My reply was, that I believed he had talent enough for anything. This settled the question; and a subject was immediately decided on, and the opera christened, 'The Maid of Artois.' Mr. Bunn wrote the libretto, which being handed over to Mr. Balfe, he commenced his music to it. All went on very well, till he conceived that beautiful recitative and air, 'The light of other days is faded.' A happier thought never inspired his brain; and on scoring it for the orchestra, an equally bright idea flashed across him, in giving the solo and obligato to the cornet-a-piston, an instrument then new to the public, and producing a most charming and sympathetic effect.

When rehearsing an opera in the green room, at the theatre, or elsewhere, we rarely sing our

ballads, or scenas, but endeavour to perfect the concerted music and recitatives. Even when brought upon the stage, and a quartett or quintett band, accompanies the vocalists, we rarely do more. Consequently, no ballad comes under the observation of the singers engaged in the work; and it is only a week or so previous to its production that the whole orchestra is heard, and the entire opera gone through. It was on such an occasion that I rehearsed 'The light of other days,' which Madame Malibran listening to, said, "Oh, that is beautiful! I must have it in my part." The composer, the dramatist, the manager, all assured her, that it could not be. "Don't tell me," she said, "I shall speak to Phillips, he is very good natured, and I am sure if he knows I prefer it in my character he will let me have it." Now there is no doubt but Mr. Phillips was very good natured, and would have done almost anything to oblige a lady, but he was too wise to part with so valuable a song as this, and therefore very politely declined. She was greatly annoyed, and

said she would not play in the opera. Her name, however, having been announced, left her no possibility of escape. Every rehearsal increased the effect of my song, until the night of performance arrived, when my recitative and song was, like 'Farewell to the Mountain,' most successful, and I had to sing it *three times.*

The success of the whole work *was great,* and at its termination we supped with Mr. Balfe at his lodgings, in the Quadrant, and found there assembled to meet us many eminent artists. Malibran had arrived before me. I rang at the street door, but as when that was opened there was no light in the passage, I called out to the servant, to ascertain how far I was to ascend, when Malibran, hearing my voice, ran to the top of the stairs, and said, "Quick, quick, give me a candle; here is 'The light of other days' coming up in the dark."

Malibran was undoubtedly the greatest singer that lived in my time. Her mind, her energy, her knowledge of languages, were surprising,

and her register of voice *amazing*. She had the lower range of the contralto, with the highest compass of the soprano, and a conception of her subject truly wonderful. In fine, she was a prodigious genius, possessed of marvellous power, and of an intellect that rarely falls to the lot of any human being. In the finale of this opera, her shake on the upper C was one of the most extraordinary vocal efforts I ever heard. She seemed to me, resolved to outstrip all competitors, and did it so vigorously that I fear it accelerated her death, which, lamentable to relate, occurred in her twenty-eighth year, in Manchester, during the last musical festival held there. The circumstances of her illness and death have been frequently before recorded, and her husband's conduct, (De Beriot, the violinist), also commented on. Better on my part not to reopen the story, but merely repeat that mournful regret for her loss which at the time, and frequently since, has affected all who remember the most brilliant musical meteor of her time.

The two operas I have mentioned most deservedly stamped the reputation of Mr. Balfe, a reputation which he has most gallantly maintained up to the present time.

Our tenor at this period was John Templeton, a Scotch vocalist, who possessed a really beautiful voice, of great compass, and, like Sinclair, a falsetto, which he used almost in everything he sang. His reputation was first gained by singing the part of Elvino, with Madame Malibran, in the 'Sonnambula.' After that he was our tenor in 'The Siege of Rochelle,' and again in 'The Maid of Artois.'

It is most strange, and not less unfortunate, that operas produced on the English stage have only their day, and that a very short one. I have witnessed the revival of operas that had proved attractive for a season, but which, when reproduced, failed entirely to achieve their former popularity. I cannot account for this, unless it arises from a feverish anxiety for novelty; and yet this can scarcely be, otherwise the Italian operas which are repeated season after season

for years and years would also lose their freshness. I much fear that it owes its origin to a brainless prejudice, which exists in this country, that everything English must be inferior to all that is foreign; thus, Mori, Arnold, and Bunn have often said to me, "The greatest misfortune that ever befel you was, that you were born an Englishman," and indeed I have experienced the truth of this assertion over and over again. Another opera by Balfe, 'Diadeste,' and one by John Barnet, founded on Fair Rosamond, concluded our season, and a brilliant one it proved.

It was during this time that I became very intimate with Mr. Edward Parratt, who then lived at Millbank, Westminster. He possessed one of the finest collection of water-colour drawings in the kingdom, the celebrated forty drawings of Turner being then in his hands. At his table I met the most famous men of the day; amongst others, old Mathews and the present Charles Mathews, long before he appeared in public; in fact, just after his return

from Rome, where, I believe, he had been studying for an architect. I remember he brought his guitar with him, and sang a Neapolitan song, 'Credea Nina Cara,' most admirably, and, in our hearing, for the first time, his afterwards famous song, 'Jenny Jones.' I met likewise Liston and his wife, Theodore Hook, &c. &c. I shall never forget a large dinner-party at Mr. Parratt's house, where we sat down some twenty-five; and amongst the invited guests were Mathews, Liston, and Theodore Hook. Every one was hugging himself with the anticipation of such an evening as had rarely been equalled, three such celebrities being at table. The dinner announced, we sat down in due order, Liston and Mathews being immediately opposite each other, and Hook on Mr. Parratt's right. A number of jests went the round of the table, with the evident design of bringing out Mr. Hook, it being well known that when once set going, he would continue for hours. This was immediately perceived by his shrewd sense and eye, and sure enough it

did set him going, but not in the way they intended; for no sooner had the cloth been removed than he made some excuse for leaving the room, saying he would return in about half an hour, but we saw him no more that evening. All our hopes were now centred on Liston and Mathews, who spoke but little during dinner, and who, after Hook's departure, looked at each other with tears almost in their eyes, made miserable faces, and threw a gloom over the whole assembly. The only remark I heard Mathews make during dinner was addressed to a gentleman who said he had been busy all day in his new house seeing the Venetian blinds properly put up.

"What nonsense!" said Mathews; "put up Venetian blinds in a country where the sun never shines!"

The evening turned out a miserable affair; a very little music, a little looking at drawings, a little punch, a few sandwiches, and a solemn good-night. Had Tom Cooke been there, or

Richard Peake, our few hours would have passed very differently.

What a buoyant spirit Tom Cooke possessed! I cannot refer to him without a feeling of pleasure. No matter where he might be, or what subject was introduced, he had always something witty to say. On the occasion of a full band rehearsal of an opera at Drury Lane in which Mr. Braham was to sing, he had some dispute with Tom Cooke about the particular time or reading of a song or duet, which at length roused the tenor's blood. Walking majestically to the foot-lights, he shook his finger at Mr. Cooke, and said—

"I'll put up with this no longer; either you or I leave this theatre."

"With all my heart," responded Tom Cooke; "*it won't be me!*"

In as cool a way, if two persons were quarrelling, he would step up to them, and very politely say, "I beg pardon, gentlemen—I don't know what you are quarrelling about, but I

differ with you both," which of course put an end to the dispute, and caused a hearty laugh.

He was the very soul and life of the Catch Club, for he invariably came out with some new idea that made us laugh for the rest of the evening. On one occasion he inquired if any one could tell him where he could best purchase a cheap fiddle. The general opinion was at Bett's, Royal Exchange.

"No," said Tom.

"A pawnbroker's ?"

"No ! !"

"An auction-room ?"

"Ridiculous !" cried Tom.

"Where, then ?"

"Why, at a chemist's; because, if you buy sixpennyworth of medicine, he will give you a violin (phial in)."

My ballads being all now successful, I searched for novelty in every direction, and turned an old Dutch melody my grandmother used to sing in a very melancholy tone, into a lively bacchanalian air, put a minor part to it, got my friend

Stumpf, the harp-maker and friend of Beethoven, to write me some German words, scored it for the orchestra, and sang it with great success. This was 'Heu, heu, reicht mir nectar;' I published it at Cramer's. Mori, anxious to have this too, told me a German had called on him, with the melody and words, which were commonly sung in that country. I advised him, as a friend, not to publish it, and seeing I was serious, he after his experience of the 'Old English Gentleman,' did not!! I believe this was almost the first German song ever popular in England, and it produced the effect I mention, owing, in a great measure, to its novelty.

Clara Novello, then quite a girl, now made her *debût*. She had a charming soft and flute-like soprano, and had been well drilled in the ancient school of music by her father, my esteemed friend. Her voice was not flexible, but she sustained her notes with exquisite pathos; her first and most successful effort, was in a recitative and air, 'The Infant's Prayer,' written by her father.

I, being some years in advance of the young vocalist, was always asked to look to her, and report on her progress, which I never failed to do; and a most pleasing task it proved to be. She was frequently accompanied by her mother, one of the most delightful women I ever met, full of knowledge, wisdom and talent.

It was some considerable time after Clara had made a reputation, and became, like myself, indispensable at festivals and concerts, that we travelled to a number of provincial concerts together, in company with her mother. One of these chanced to be at Lichfield. I stayed at the same hotel, the 'George,' and was permitted to share their sitting-room, which was on the first-floor, and fronted the street. I arrived at about eleven in the morning; when, having consulted about dinner, a couple of fowls and some ham were decided on.

Being market day; it was proposed that we should walk round the city, and visit the market; especially as Mrs. Novello wished to purchase some live fowls to take back to London,

where she kept a large stock. She accordingly purchased half-a-dozen, which she ordered to be put in an open wooden cage, ready for conveyance with herself next day. These were duly packed and sent to the hotel.

A thought struck me, I would treat them to a couple of fowls for dinner, dressed in a way they were not accustomed to. So I bribed the waitress, and all was delightfully arranged, the cloth was laid, everything prepared, the covers brought up, and we sat down to our repast, when Mrs. Novello exclaimed, "Dear me, what a *monstrous* dish cover for a couple of chickens."

As the waitress could scarcely contain herself, mamma said, "What can that girl be grinning at? Clara, my dear, is anything wrong in your dress?"

"La, ma," responded Clara, "No! mamma."

The vegetables were first exposed to view.

"I can't help looking at that large cover," continued mamma, "you might as well dine in China, where they bring you a great dog."

" You'll not find it too large," I said, " they are very fine fowls."

The cover was lifted, when out flew two monstrous birds, frightened of course, fearfully.

Clara jumped on the nearest chair, and called " Murder!"

Mrs. Novello flapped and waved her napkin hysterically, when the fowl, making a direct bolt for the window, went clean through the large pane, dashing the glass in all directions on the pavement of the otherwise solemn and still High Street. The noisy flight of the one fowl down the street, the cries of the other poor devil, which after many vain attempts to quit the place, was knocked down with the poker, the shrieks in the sitting-room, the rush of servants, host and hostess, and other inmates up the stairs, to learn the reason of this sudden outbreak, caused a confusion no words can describe; and of which mother and daughter retained a vivid recollection for years after.

I had by this time gained sufficient reputation to awaken the interest of poets and musical authors, the first important proof of which was

a composition of much magnitude and beauty, the 'Last Man,' written for me by W. H. Callcott, son of the celebrated glee composer, a gentleman who had succeeded greatly in writing scenas for Mr. Bartleman, such as 'Angel of Life,' 'Sisters of Acheron,' &c. &c.

Previous to this, I had not had the pleasure of knowing him, but it was evident he knew me, for there was not a bar that did not suit me exactly. For very many years, I sang it, and always with the greatest effect.

Not long after, he produced another composition, the 'Soul's Errand,' the words of which are said to have been written by Sir Walter Raleigh. and found on the table of his cell, when led out to execution. This again produced a great effect wherever I sang it.

Subsequently he wrote a grand scena for a soprano and bass, with distant chorus—on the subject of Faust. Beautiful as it was in parts, it did not prove effective as a whole, and has consequently been forgotten. That was his last effort for me. The first-mentioned, however,

enriched my store, and have remained two of my brightest gems to this hour.

From a place we little expected, there now came a singer to this country of a very charming kind, Madame Stockhausen, a native of the mountains of Switzerland, who delighted every one with singing the melodies of her native hills, accompanied by her husband on the harp. Her voice was a clear high soprano, the upper part of the register being unusually sweet and liquid, qualities which she rarely missed the opportunity of exhibiting, for she almost always terminated her songs on the highest octave. The manners, and habits, of both husband and wife, were as simple as their melodies, which rendered them universal favorites.

They told me, of a clever half-amateur composer, who was about to visit England, the Chevalier Neukomm, a pupil of Haydn. He had written an extraordinary scena, entitled 'Napoleon's Midnight Review,' which they thought would produce a great effect here, and which they wished me to sing.

Accordingly they presented me with the manuscript; which I studied. It certainly was very clever and original; but there was a something about it that I could not buckle to. I tried it over and over again, and felt I should not be able to produce any effect with it. This vexed the Stockhausens very much, and more so Mr. Neukomm, who, it appeared, had heard of me, and made up his mind that I should herald his reputation as a writer. I had quite made up my mind, however, and as I would not undertake it, 'Napoleon's Review' was offered to John Parry—*the* John Parry, for there was but one, and I question if we shall ever see another—who had just appeared as a ballad singer, accompanying himself on the harp. He accepted the scena, and sang it, but, as might have been foretold, it produced no effect, with the exception of being spoken of as a very extraordinary composition, requiring more stentorian lungs than our friend possessed. Braham then took it in hand, and certainly declaimed it *wonderfully*; by which time Neukomm

had arrived, and, I believe, feeling much hurt at my refusal to sing it, composed for almost every popular vocalist, with the exception of myself, which in turn annoyed me. The chief of his words, were selected from the little poems of Barry Cornwall—otherwise Mr. Procter—whose ideas, wild and eccentric in some of his songs, suited the German brain of the chevalier Neukomm.

A season of tolerable success softened his anger, and one morning he sent me a note, saying he had composed a song for me—would I come to his apartments and hear it? He was then an attaché of the French ambassador, who resided in Portland Place. I accordingly went, was very kindly and politely received; not a word was said about 'Napoleon's Review.' He sat down to his pianoforte, and played, and in his way sang the song. I was unable to make any remark upon it, for I was anything but pleased, and candidly confess I thought he had written it to insult me. I brought the manuscript home, and, on singing it over, was

strengthened in my former opinion. The more I tried it the more displeased I was. I felt, however, that I was bound to sing it; I could not again refuse his offer. So it was scored for the orchestra, and I was to introduce it at a grand morning concert, given by Nicholson, at the Italian Opera Concert Room. I went, very downcast, and felt assured (as I declared before I left home) that I should be hissed out of the orchestra. This much dreaded song was, 'The sea, the sea, the open sea.' The orchestra led off the long symphony which precedes the air. In an instant I heard the master hand over the score, I felt suddenly inspired, sang it with all my energy, and gained a vociferous encore. The whole conversation of that day was, the magnificent song I had just sang. My friend Mori, who led the band, asked me if I thought he could obtain it *for ten guineas.* I told him I did not think *five tens* would purchase it. "Well," said he, "*I'll think of it.*" He did, and while he was thinking, Mr. Frederick Beale, who was a more acute man of business, paid

Neukomm a visit, in anxious hope of obtaining the song, while Addison stood watching from the first floor window over the shop in Regent Street, for Beale's return. Presently he caught sight of him, when Beale waved the manuscript triumphantly in the air; it was theirs, and realized a fortune. I believe they got it for *fifty guineas*.

My great horror always was, that a song should become so popular as to be sung in the streets. This result unfortunately followed the success of this; and my first intimation of the fact was not the most agreeable. I am sure I had not sang it anything like through the season when, walking one fine day in the Regent's Park, I heard at a little distance behind me some one humming what I thought must be the song of 'The Sea.' The voice came nearer and nearer; I slackened my pace, to be the more certain, when there overtook me a butcher boy, with a tray on his shoulder, and a halfpenny ballad in his hand, singing at the top of his voice 'I'm on the sea—I'm on the sea.' Shall I confess that at the moment I was uncharitable enough to wish he had been at the bottom of it?

CHAPTER XV.

THE success Neukomm's song of the 'Sea' had achieved, naturally brought me into immediate contact with the poet Barry Cornwall, from which intimacy sprang a multitude of subjects, of much value to me. The first song I had from him was the 'Best of all Good Company.' This I immediately set to music, scored for the orchestra, and rendered most popular. 'The Return of the Admiral,' 'Lucy is a Golden Girl,' 'When Friends look Dark and cold,' quickly followed, all of which were most effective. I was somewhat amused at the poet's idea of a tune to his bacchanalian subjects, that

any musical ear would have immediately declared must be wedded to a jovial air, the very reverse of which was what he proposed, the tune being *melancholy* in the extreme; he was, however, a very nervous man; and, I dare say, thought the melody rather buoyant than otherwise. He had written it out, very carefully, and *very badly*—the staves being crookedly drawn on a sheet of letter paper; and, when he hummed it, I could not help smiling. I assured him it was not at all suited to his admirable poetry, and said, "Come with me to my pianoforte, and I'll show you the sort of thing it should be."

He followed me. I felt inspired by the poetry, and, extemporaneously, I went through the first verse. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "I perceive the difference." Before the end of that day, I had written down the music of 'The Best of all Good Company'—and, next morning, at breakfast, sang it to him, imparting a relish to his meal he might for long have been a stranger to. Having scored it for the orchestra, I sang it whenever they had a full band, and, on

one occasion, at the Hanover Square Rooms, was highly complimented by Mendlssohn, who said I had produced a new and excellent effect, by making the trumpet respond to the voice, in the middle of each verse.

Then came 'The Return of the Admiral.' With this I produced a great effect—its construction being very dramatic. This song, like 'The Sea,' was soon caught up by the vulgar, and vended in the street. For some years I put it, consequently, aside, and only revived it, when my horrid opponents had left off singing it. How frequently it became a matter of discussion, the mode in which I pronounced my words! Everyone confessed that I was most distinct, and that, in fact, to purchase the book of the poetry I sang was to throw away money—but they still contended that I might make many words more agreeable than I did. My reply to this was invariably, "I take common usage as my guide." The accent and expression of words, in ordinary conversation, is the best criterion of correctness, and the accent, when altered, becomes not only

pedantic, but exhibits little mind in the vocalist. Thus, how frequently vocalists sing, oft-en instead of often, sof-ten instead of soften, and o-pen, in place of open. Thus they pounced on me, when, in the song of 'The Sea,' I sang, 'The sea, the sea, the open sea,' when they declared I ought to have sung—'The sea, the sea, the o-pen sea'—which, indeed, I promised to do—if they could favour me with the meaning of the word *o-pen*, in connection with the sentence. Not being presented with it, I pursued my own course, and do not believe it occasioned my being at sea at all. To alter words is an absurdity which ought never to be tolerated—for, however disagreeable it may be to terminate a word with a closed mouth, if such is our language it is an outrage on common sense to alter the custom. Not one of our great declaimers of former times did it—and why should such effeminacy be indulged in now.

The operas, under the management of Mr. Bunn, were still triumphant at Drury Lane, and none more so than the adaptation of Auber's

opera of Gustave. This was, indeed, magnificently produced; Miss Inverarity being the prima donna, as (Madame Ankastrom,) Miss Shirreff, (the page); Templeton, primo tenore, (as Colonel Lillienhorn); Mr. Ward, the tragedian, (Gustavus,) and myself, (Captain Ankerstrom.) The distribution of characters was different in many respects to what it was, as the opera originally stood—but none of the audience, not one of whom, perhaps, had heard it when first produced, knew better, and took all for granted like the little children, who at the peep-show, asking which was Daniel, and which were the lions, were told they might make their choice, as they had paid their money.

Here again occurred that most extraordinary circumstance of having a song written for me, which till then had been utterly unconnected with the opera. In this work, like 'The Mountain Sylph,' I had a duett, concerted music, and little solos, but no scena or ballad. What was to be done? one I must have. So Tom Cooke, who was musical director and leader of the

orchestra, was requested to see what he could do for me. Some words were written, and he most ingeniously composed a short recitative, and adopted the melody of the overture as the foundation of his subject. Thus was produced, the after popular song of 'When time has bereft thee.' The situation selected for the scena, and the mode in which I had conceived its performance, gave rise to great dispute between the managers and myself. It was to be sung after I had detected an imaginary intrigue between my wife and Gustave. Entering my house, and leading her angrily into the drawing room, I declared my belief in her guilt, and desire her immediate departure from my presence. I then began my recitative. Drawing to the front of the stage a large chair, partially behind which I at first stood, I gradually came in front of it, sank mentally exhausted into the chair, and sang the melody, 'When time has bereft thee of charms now divine.' Mr. Bunn and others about him declared if I sat in that chair and sang any portion of my scena, I should be laughed at,

pelted, and destroy the opera! Such a thing, they said, was never done before, and must not be risked now. I had made up my mind, declared I would do it, or not appear in the opera. "Very well," said Bunn, throwing open his arms, "then *it's all over* with us." I laughed, and said, "Your fortunes are made." Foaming with rage, he came up to me, and said, "Did you ever hear a man sing a scena in an arm chair?" "Yes," I replied, "once in bed!" That settled the question. I stuck to my determination, did it, and achieved one of my greatest successes.

I acted as nature dictated, and the effect was great. It was the piece of music most lauded in the journals next day, some asserting that the song itself was enough to stamp the reputation of Auber. You may judge of the composer's astonishment, when he read such rapturous eulogisms on a scena he had neither conceived nor written.

The stage doors of the two theatres were then, and had been for years, terribly infested on

Saturday, with Hebrews who resided in the locality, seeking for orders. Braham used to relate a circumstance connected with this, and which was most drily told by him, of an attack he experienced on one occasion, which vividly depicted the annoyance and its attendant absurdities. It was usual then to give all the principal artists of the theatre a certain number of admissions each night, which were distributed about two or three o'clock in the day, according to the appearance of the box plan. If this was tolerably full, no orders were given; but if scanty, then the supply was great. To save trouble, each performer was allowed so many orders, not written, but, as they were termed, bones—round ivory cheques, with either the name of the performer or the initials inserted, and issued from the treasury according to circumstances. One Saturday morning, Mr. Braham's carriage stopping at the stage door, he, on alighting, was accosted by a number of this fraternity with, "Vel, Mishter Prahams, how vel you look!" "How peautiful you shang last night!"

'Petter nor efer you d'it!" "Vat a woice you've got!" and so on. Braham had frequently before been kind enough to yield to their entreaties, and give them at times a plentiful supply of orders. But, being really pestered to death every Saturday, he now, when the question was put, "Vel, Mr. Prahums, you'll give us shum orders to night?" said, angrily, while pushing them aside, "No, no! I have none to give." With this he entered the stage door, and, there being a large screen in one corner, got behind it to listen to the conversation which he knew would take place. Some dozen of them came into the hall, and said, "Vel! vat do you think of this? vat do you think of Prahams?" "Vel (replied another), I'm not sherprized; Prahams vas always proud; and he's getting old, and his woice shakes—poor Prahams!" "Vell," said a third, "you mushn't be hard; Prahams vas Prahams, but he ishn't Prahams now; Shinclair's te man! how peautifully he shings!" At this moment poor Sinclair came in. He was immediately accosted with, "How vel you look, Mr.

Shinclairs! how peautiful you shang last night! it vas peautiful!" "Poor Prahams can't sing now; he vash Prahams, but he's not Prahams now; Shinclair's te man! he's got te woice!—Have you got shum orders to give avay for to night, Mr. Shinclairs?"

Many, if not most, of our singers in the early period of the present century were very funny story tellers. I think they imbibed it from the brilliant wits which preceded them. Not the least amusing was our most talented brother artist, Mr. John Hobbs. I cannot resist the relation of a few of his anecdotes, but must first advert to his charming talent, both as a vocalist and melodist. Possessing a tenor voice of even and beautiful quality, combined with taste and expression, remarkable for his refinement, high appreciation, and conception of all good poetry, I never heard any one impart such beauty and elegance to that most charming composition, 'In native worth' ('Creation'), as Mr. John Hobbs. It was perfect, in refinement, and intellect. I have never heard our great tenor of the

day, Simms Reeves, sing this song, but I am told it is most perfect. Then, again, his knowledge of part singing! In the execution of glees and madrigals, the same feeling, and deep sense of propriety, was equally displayed; and a rare lesson it was to any rising artiste, to mark the earnestness, and purity of his ideas in connection with all branches of the English vocal school.

In spite of all this praise, just and most deserved, in which I have not penned *one word of flattery*, he had his little failings. No matter to Hobbs, whether it was a wedding, a funeral, a convivial meeting, a prince born, a battle won, or an earthquake, he became inspired with the circumstance, wrote poetry, and set it to music, in commemoration of the event, and sang it with as much energy as if he had caused the earthquake, made the prince, wept at the funeral, or danced at the wedding. He was all excitement, like an electric doll, or, rather, like an English mob, who would shout and hurrah as much at the execution of a king, as they would at his

coronation. With all this oddity, amounting to eccentricity, he was an agreeable companion, and I cannot forget the tales he told of his youth—stories which, though not essentially musical—were so connected with our musical brother, that I think I am warranted in sending them forth. Hobbs' enthusiasm, when a young man, was not likely to be less exuberant than at middle age. In his younger days he joined in everything, and all enterprizes that turned up were sure to be brought by his friends before him. On one occasion, he was asked why he did not belong to the yeomanry, then a popular military movement, and, living at Windsor, (being a member of the Chapel Royal), he immediately decided on becoming one of The Royal Berkshire Yeomanry. He was a little man, not more than five feet six, very stout, and not particularly martial in his appearance. However, his fertile brain pictured himself in a helmet, a red coat, long sword, and mounted on a terrific charger, armed to the teeth, and frowning on an imaginary foe. Hobbs entered the yeomanry,

and, his accoutrements complete, he lacked nothing but the horse. He was not rich, and could not afford to hire one—so prevailed on a farmer friend to lend him an animal when the regiment was called out to drill. The farmer complied, and the animal turned out to be a cart-horse, of *very high blood,* remarkably corpulent, hard-mouthed, and sunk in the back to a more than ordinary degree, mild in its general appearance, but possessed of a little vice, when touched on particular points, that is, he *was ticklish*, and, when struck, however slightly, on his loins, he would kick like a sixty-pounder.

Hobbs first became acquainted with this peculiarity by being pitched head foremost into a ditch, a misfortune consequent upon accidentally trespassing on the sensitive part. Being now fully aware of this peculiarity in his charger, he turned it to purposes suited to whatever occasion might occur. When mounted, Hobbs looked very odd—for, standing at the back of the horse, you could see little else than his helmet.

The time arrived for the yeomanry to be called out. Matters were different at that period to what they are now. Military discipline was not so strict then as in the present day—a certain licence must be given, or the regiment disbanded—consequently, the privates had to be encouraged in the performance of their duties—and but rarely rebuked. During the one-and-twenty days drilling, many of them got tired and irritated long before the time had passed. The Colonel of the Berkshire Yeomanry was a rigid military man, and rarely yielded to any prejudice or wish of the body. They had been out some ten days, when a general consultation was held, to see if some means could not be adopted to shorten their labour.

Hobbs thought he could do it, so the matter was left to him. Early in the afternoon, the men were formed in line, and ordered *to charge*. Away they went, but had not proceeded far, when Hobbs, touching his horse's loins, the animal let fly right and left, kicking the other poor devils, on each side, black and blue. The

line was, of course, broken, and the colonel angrily said that would do, and the march homeward commenced, to the great joy of the valiant throng.

It was on a hot, *particularly* hot day in August—such summers as they experienced then, but to which we are strangers to, that this gallant regiment was called out for a grand field day. This was about the fifteenth day of their drill. The spot selected was some ten or twelve miles from Windsor; Hobbs, in bright array, and mounted on his favourite charger, joined the scarlet throng, and looked daggers on that memorable occasion. The evolutions were numerous and most fatiguing; and, in the end, the regiment had done everything but fire, at which some of the daring heroes were much annoyed. The colonel, I suspect, was wise—for I do not believe the horses would have stood it. The review having terminated, the day nearly darkening into night, the men were dismissed, and journeyed home in little knots, covered with dust, parched with thirst, hungry, and almost

inclined to lie down where they were for the night. Hobbs urged his little party forward, saying, some three miles further there is a very nice roadside inn, where we shall get all we want; on the jaded party went, but, when they arrived at the hotel, they found it closely shut up, no light to be seen, and, apparently, all the inmates gone to bed.

What was to be done? They tapped at the door with their swords—no use; not a dog was roused. They then made louder demands for admission, by blows with their belts; this failing, they still hammered away, and shouted fire, when the host popped his head out of the first floor window, demanding—

"What's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing," they replied, "we are only fagged to death with our military duties, and want something to drink."

"Do you?" said he; "then you won't get it here," and in went the head.

For a few seconds, all was silent, when—

"What's to be done?" enquired the cavaliers again.

"Rattle away till he *does* come down," was the response.

So they rattled away as before, when out popped the head again, and Hobbs enquired—.

"Will you come down, and let us in?"

"No!" said the landlord.

"You won't?" cried Hobbs.

"No!" echoed mine host.

"Very well," said Hobbs, "then here goes."

With that, he backed his charger close up to the door, and, touching its tender part, the wretch began kicking with the rapidity of lightning, till in a minute down came the door. It's unnecessary for me to add that this subdued the landlord's obstinacy, and procured them all they required.

The time between this event, and the next grand field day, was chiefly occupied by conversations as to what they had done, and what they thought they ought to do. The colonel was a harsh, morose officer, and by no means a fa-

vourite with the men. He drew out his own plans, and had them executed to the letter.

One farmer, more energetic than the rest, was exceedingly indignant that they had never yet been allowed to fire. Hobbs advised him, when they next came upon the field, to address the colonel, who no doubt, would make all right.

"I wool," he said, "and dang'd if me doant fire next toime."

The field day arrived, and all the men were drawn up in line, while the muster roll was called over. When it came to the name of the indignant hero, he spurred his horse forward, and said—

"Muster colonel, I wants to speak to ee."

"Fall in, man!" shouted the officer.

"I tell ee I woint. I wants to speak to ee."

"Fall in, man!" he repeated.

"I tell ee I woint fall in."

"That's right, that's right," his comrades whispered to him. "Stick up for your rights."

"I wool," he said, winking and turning half round.

"Will you fall in, man."

"Noah!" he shouted. "I tell ee I woint. I wants to know if we are to foire to-day. I've been a sodgering here for three weeks, an yuv done nothing, but draw swords, and sheath swords, and charge, and fix bagnets, and cock pistols, but we haven't foired; Are we to foire to-day? I wants to know that."

"Fall in, man!" was again repeated.

"I tell ee I woint."

"Take that man into custody."

And off he was marched, swearing by all that was good and great, that he would never go soldiering again.

CHAPTER XVI.

WITH another characteristic of Hobbs, I will, for the present, dismiss him from notice, viz. that, in addition to his little eccentricities, he was always remarkably polite to the ladies, which circumstance, at times, led to results most awkward, and perfectly undreamt of by either party.

One of these misadventures occurred during a concert in the north, where Hobbs, myself, and a soprano were engaged. The lady was very short and fat, and had a singular partiality for sitting down to the piano-forte, and accompanying herself in most of her songs.

All went on very smoothly, until it came to her first aria. The grand piano-forte had been

moved to the extreme end of the orchestra, to make room for an instrumental sepstett that had just been played, and stood on the edge of some seven or eight broad steps, which led from the room into the orchestra. The lady arrived perfectly safe on the platform, attended by Hobbs, as master of the ceremonies. He placed the music-stool close to the edge of the steps, and she, being short, screwed it up to a considerable height. As she sat down, crack went the stool, over went the lady, and rolled like a football to the bottom, displaying a remarkably thick pair of calfless legs. A roar of laughter was, of course, the result. She was just about to sing, "I've been roaming, I've been roaming," not having the most remote idea of what her roaming propensities would ultimately end in.

During Madame Stockhausen's career, we had a flautist from Switzerland, Mr. S., a very fair performer on his instrument; who, like Bochsa, with his harp, was always trying to produce some new effect. A concert was to be given in the Town Hall, Stafford, for which the Stock-

hausens, Mr. S., the flautist, and myself were engaged. We rehearsed a portion of our performance in the morning, but found the building terribly unsuited to music, the reverberation being very great. There was a long recess or gallery on one side of the Hall, and this was seized on by Mr. S., as capable of producing a great effect, in Handel's song of 'Sweet Bird,' which Madame was to sing in the first act. Into this gallery, which was quite excluded from all light, Mr. S. ascended, and the song was commenced, the flute responding to her notes; but so great was the echo, that no time or tune could be rigidly kept.

"Never mind," said Mr. S., "it will be all right when the Hall is full, and I'll find out some favourable place to astonish them."

The evening arrived, and we began our concert. The Hall was not half filled, so the echo still remained undisturbed. At length the time came for 'Sweet Bird,' and up into the gallery mounted Mr. S. It was well the place was in shadow, for our flautist was remarkably

ugly, possessing a small body, with a large head, a face very much pock-marked, and no eyebrows. Madame began the song, making a very long shake, which the flute imitated. Every neck in the room was stretched to ascertain where the sound came from, and what it was; Madame went on, and he pursued his accompaniment, jumping about the gallery to avoid the echo. Madame kept looking up, wondering where he could be, as the sound moved about so rapidly. I believe she expected every moment to see him perched on the chandelier in the centre. The audience mistook Madame's curiosity for annoyance, and called out,—

"Shame, shame; order, turn him out"—

And the occupiers of the hind seats stood up, and, pointing to the gallery, said,

"There he is—there he goes—silence, shame, turn him out."

The song was stopped, when Mr. S., thrusting his ugly head over the front of the gallery, said—

"I'm de Bird—dam all—what for you stop de song."

"Silence, and turn him out!" shouted the audience, until the beadle, who could no longer stand the desecration of the hall, rushed up to the gallery, caught the "Bird" by the collar, and dragged him forcibly down stairs. Mr. S. then came on the platform, and, addressing the audience, said—

"De Sweet Bird will be done here. De noise of de Hall all over—so not to be—and hopes all is now satisfied."

This admirable speech caused much amusement and confusion—and the concert proceeded.

About this time, from over excitement, coach travelling, and continual singing, I sank into a very nervous state, and fancied I had entirely lost my voice. My medical attendant examined my throat, but could not discover any cause for apprehension. I tried to sing, but was unable to produce a sound; and, not satisfied with his opinion alone, I sought for the most eminent advice, and underwent a

rigid examination, when again no cause for alarm could be discovered. The last doctor took me by the neck, with both hands lifted me fairly from the ground, and letting me fall, said, "There's nothing whatever the matter with you, sir." I had faith in him, went home, and sang as well as ever. Loss of voice was, in fact, caused by debility, brought on by nervousness.

It became evident, soon after the rebuilding of the English Opera House, that 'The Mountain Sylph' was declining in attraction, and that the affairs of the establishment were fast falling to decay. The first evidence of this was the treasurer asking me to let my week's salary, forty pounds, stand over for a time. Mr. Arnold never rallied in spirit or energy from the time the old building was destroyed, and the public, like rats, kept gradually aloof from the tottering edifice. At length the die was cast, and a proposal made to continue it as an Opera House under a commonwealth, consisting of Balfe, Wilson, Stretton, myself, and others. Some time previous to the coming summer season, I

was engaged with Miss Romer and Wilson for the representation of some operas at the Theatre Royal, Dublin. Towards the end of our term, when entering the house of a friend who had invited me to dinner, I caught my foot in the floor-cloth, and fell flat on my face, while my watch in my waistcoat pocket leaning edgeways, struck my ribs, and broke them. This laid me on a couch of sickness for a considerable time, and whilst I was still ill, the season approached at the English Opera House, and I consequently received most urgent letters from the various members of the community to come with all haste to London to rehearse Balfe's new opera of 'Keolanthe,' in which Madame Balfe was to make her *debût* as *prima donna*. I was unable to move, and equally unsuccessful in convincing them of my inability. The anxiety daily increased for my return, until at length it assumed a threatening aspect. One very hot day I was lying on the sofa in my large sitting-room with the windows open, when I was suddenly startled by a loud report. Looking to the other side of the room

—the spot the noise seemed to come from—I saw close to the wire of the bell a blue ball of electric fire, which for an instant shed its piercing rays all over the room; in a few minutes after, a second but more feeble report succeeded the first. Though not superstitious, I could not help feeling this was a warning which portended evil, and indeed I was right. The time had now arrived when the opera must in a few days be produced, and nothing but my immediate removal to London could save me from all sorts of public and private persecution. At length I was permitted to travel. The opera was put off for a few nights; I attended the rehearsals, and studied my part very rapidly. My character was that of an evil sprite of the Nile, doing all kinds of mischief, and yet a very merry devil. I appeared in the second scene of the opera, which represented the interior of a drawing-room, in which stood a large china jar. At a given signal the jar burst its sides, and out of it I came. This was the moment when a furious storm of hisses saluted me. My song, which began with

my *entrée*, was a very merry, laughing one, and right merrily I did laugh, pointing at my opponents in front; good humour, and not taking offence, gained over my enemies, and I was one of those called for at the end of the opera. Though containing some very beautiful music, 'Keolanthe' was not on the whole successful. The public did not frequent the new building as they had the old, the receipts were not in proportion to the expenditure, and, like all other commonwealths I ever knew or heard of, ours was dissolved with angry feelings, some of which, I fear, continued long after affairs were wound up.

John Wilson, our tenor, having long foreseen with the shrewd eye of a Scotchman the unhealthy state of affairs, had prepared himself to deliver some lectures on the National Music of his Country. This was not a branch of art entirely new to him, for he had tried similar experiments for some time past at the various literary institutions whenever his leisure served him, more particularly at the London

Mechanics Institution, Chancery Lane, where he was first and most warmly patronized; he now, however, resolved to try its effect upon the public at large, and commenced a series of entertainments at the Store Street Rooms, Bedford Square, engaging Mr. Land as his accompaniest, he himself not being sufficient of a musician to dispense with such a coadjutor. For many nights he gave his weekly Scottish evenings, but his receipts did not pay the expenses. Bowed down with his ill success, he was on the very point of relinquishing, when his fame spreading, his audience grew, till it became a struggle to gain admittance, and for ever after his success was great indeed. Richly he deserved all the honours he received, for such beautiful, pure, chaste, and natural rendering of the Scottish songs had never till then been heard. With a lovely voice, of great beauty in the higher register, he had an acute perception of the poetry he sang, and threw over the whole a wildness, blended with a refinement, that had never before charmed English

ears. Brilliant as was the beginning of his career, its termination was sad. He had accumulated thousands, but being tempted, I believe, to speculate, lost nearly all he possessed. He then visited America, with good success, and subsequently returned to England, where, finding the fever heat a little cooled, he returned again to America. It was a hot season, and the cholera was raging. He took flight, and flying from the infected places, went to Canada, but the disease seemed to follow him until he reached Quebec, where, imagining himself out of all danger, he went with some friends salmon-fishing, got very wet wading through the river, returned to his hotel tired and hot, drank some sherry cobbler, which is half ice, was seized with cramps, that resulted in a confirmed attack of cholera, and in a few hours he died, almost in the prime of life. Thus passed away the sweetest Scottish bard England ever listened to.

The unexpected success of Wilson's entertainments induced many followers—myself, I

am sorry to say, amongst the number—and I also resolved to give lectures, and introduce into them my most popular songs. My idea was approved by Mr. Richard Peake, who prophecied my certain success. It was he who wrote the entertainments for old Mathews, entitled, 'Mathews at Home,' the success of which was great; so, thinking I could not be wrong in his hands, I got him to write me subjects for several evenings, for which he charged me immensely.

His time, I fear, had gone by. He was no longer the buoyant, fresh wit that he had formerly been. The failure of the English Opera House, his loss of employment, his large family, and his want of means, had paralysed that brain, so fertile in earlier times, and, to make up for this deficiency, he culled from various works, and put what he could thus procure together—but in so slovenly a manner, that, on studying my subjects, I found it impossible to adopt them. Throwing them aside, I became my own author. The error I fell into was this—I quite lost sight of the great cause of

Wilson's success. Apart from his beautiful singing, *he was a Scotchman*—there was the secret. There is a nationality in Scotland we do not find in England, Ireland, or Wales—a clannish feeling, that exists no where else in the United Kingdom. It seems a sort of freemasonry, and spreads itself over the entire globe, go where you may. If a Scotchman be in distress, every other Scotch man, woman, and child, will rise to his relief. Thus it was with Wilson's 'Nicht wi' Burns'—and other selections of Scottish songs. The members of his fraternity flocked to hear, and to support him.

My first trial was the songs of Charles Dibdin. I had previously gained great reputation by the singing of his naval songs, such as, 'Twas post Meridian,' 'Bleak was the Morn,' 'Tom Bowling,' &c., &c., so thought, as a matter of course, that my countrymen would support me, in these national songs, but I soon found out my mistake. I found Dibdin's songs were not so well appreciated when placed together, as when introduced separately in the

concert-room; my receipts were small, and my expenses great. I, consequently, soon changed my theme, and gave an entertainment, entitled, 'Varied Hours.' This enabled me to present a greater variety of themes, and improved the attendances at my entertainments, which, by the way, were held in the Store Street Rooms—the same as those used by Wilson. Some time after, I brought out a subject, 'The old Metropolis.' This treated of London in its earlier times, and was productive of some very effective songs—amongst others, 'The Sea Fight,' and, 'Down Among the Dead Men'—both of which, gained great popularity. I had a number of engagements arising from these entertainments but not of the same importance as formerly. The press were most kind to me, said how well I sang my songs, how good were my descriptions, and how interesting, and often droll, my narratives—but, at the same time, lamented my deviation from that legitimate path I had formerly pursued. A subject was now brought before me, of great musical interest, viz., a Lec-

ture on the Hebrew Melodies, the principal movers in which were Mr. Lewis, and Ansel Leo —the one a pianist, the other a tenor, possessing a beautiful voice. The Lecture was most cleverly written by Mr. Lawrence, a gentleman holding some office connected with an assurance company in the city; Mr. Ansel Leo was one of the readers in the synagogue, Duke's place. I was much struck with the melodies, which were, to my ears, most fresh and original, and the Lecture, founded on the Scriptural writings, was cleverly and artistically put together. We engaged for our soprano, Miss Lucombe, now Mrs. Simms Reeves, and a few voices from the synagogue; and thus stood our array of vocalists. We had a rehearsal to which we invited a few musical friends, and some members of the press; and, from the effect we produced on them, we had a right to feel *very sanguine* as to the success of our undertaking. Our musical illustrations consisted of solos, duetts, quartettes, and choruses. In one of the solos, being the hymn sung during the passover, where the Rabbi, or chief priest

sings the words and melody, and the choir hum the harmonies, without any words whatever, the effect is most beautiful and novel, and, from the exact mode in which they sang it—changing the chord on the instant, as if the fingers had been placed on an organ, produced to the uninitiated in this ancient mode of vocalization, a wondrous effect. I was appointed the Lecturer, and, in singing, represented the Rabbi. Amongst other things, I exhibited the earliest musical hieroglyphics, which are connected with the Hebrew language, and to which signs certain roulades are always sung. So universal is this, and so intuitive was it in the early annals of the world, that, supposing one were to visit the centre of China, where it is known Jews exist, though their families have never had intercourse with the outer world, every member would sing the acknowledged roulade to each sign. This circumstance has led to the belief, that the Egyptians, though the inventors of musical instruments, had not thought of using their vocal powers. Many evidences

of instruments remain amongst their tombs, and temples, and pyramids, but no traces of vocal music, while amongst the Hebrews are found the Egyptian instruments, with the addition of the vocal hieroglyphics I have alluded to. When I exhibited these at the rehearsal, one of the gentlemen of the press exclaimed, "Signs, but not wonders." Why he made the remark, I cannot tell, unless through dislike of the subject. I almost fear it was so; for, though the mode in which our musical illustrations were executed met with universal praise, and the Lecture was highly commended, yet the entertainment failed to attract. To this day I feel confident, that, had the melodies and Lecture borne reference to anything but the history of the Hebrew race, our efforts would have been most successful. Miss Lucombe sang charmingly, Mr. Ansel Leo executed his songs with peculiar pathos and simplicity; the little chorus was perfect in its way; our pianiste, Mr. Lewis Leo, was faultless, and yet we failed! I will not offer further comment on this subject,

but leave the better sense of after generations to revere all that is beautiful in art, let it emanate from whatsoever source it may.

After persevering in our experiment for many evenings without finding any evidence of increasing prosperity, I abandoned the idea, and came out in a new subject—"The Patriotic Songs of England;" introducing 'The Death of Nelson,' a single voiced madrigal. 'The Queene was broughte bye water too Whitehalle,' a cavalier's song. 'Ride on, Ride on, the Storm is coming.' 'The Roast Beef of Old England.' 'The Girl I left behind me.' 'Rule, Britannia,' &c., &c. This attempt was most favourably received. My room each evening appeared crowded, but all was not gold that glittered; for which reason, I took the tour of the United Kingdom, during the course of which, I met with adventures not a little singular. The similarity between Charles Dibdin's experiences and my own were most extraordinary. The same lack of success, the same assertions that I was not the person I represented myself to be,

the same annoyances, and insults, he so everlastingly experienced, were all repeated during my career. He published the account of his tours in a series of letters—the fashionable mode of writing at that time, and perhaps a very sensible one, too; for it brought vividly before the reader, the day's adventure in a form which every one was accustomed to read. In one of these letters, he tells that in some town the Mayor sent for him, to know if he was going to conjure or tumble? on another occasion, if he sang for his own benefit, or for the poor of the neighbourhood? again, if he was the person he represented himself to be? if not, he would be treated as a vagrant.

Though with me matters were not carried to such an extreme, they frequently bordered on it; and in many a town people have declared that I was not the celebrated Henry Phillips, or they would have attended my concert. On one occasion a person under this impression, said, "I know it isn't he, and to be quite sure, I'll go and hear him." He did, and at the end of my first song, said—"I knew I

was right. It's very like his voice, but it's not he. When I last heard him he was bald, and now he has got plenty of hair." There was little wisdom in my wig on that eventful night.

Comparing my musical adventures with those of Charles Dibdin, naturally leads me to contemplate the features of his general character, both connected with and apart from his professional reputation. Judging from his melodies, admiring their beauty, and simplicity, and the genial warmth, and energy of their nationality, I should have judged him a man whose whole soul was so wrapped up in his subject, so wholly devoted to the honour and courage of his nation, that no other inducement could have led him from his path; and when, learning that he was the author, the composer, the accompanist, and the singer of not less than five hundred songs, one could not for an instant imagine such a person a severe critic on the merits of other writers, more especially of those who possessed a thousand times his knowledge and depth of thought; yet so it was. This is lamentable to relate, but

wise to reflect on, and may prove a lesson to those who are moderately gifted, to be content with what Providence has bestowed on them, and not to aim at levelling everything to his comparatively small standard. In one of his letters, he says,—

"I believe it will be allowed me, that the parts of anything which offer themselves to human observation are complete only as they regard the whole. In music no man ever did or will greatly succeed who takes up particular, instead of general expression. Handel was a slave to this; but, to adduce my proofs. His false expression was this; if the subject happened to be joy, he too frequently invented something sprightly, without considering time, place, or occasion; as, 'Rejoice! O Daughter of Zion,' in 'The Messiah,' which surely should convey a holy joy, expressive of religious, soul-felt rapture: instead of which, this song was first a jig, and afterwards a hornpipe. Another instance was in 'Judas Maccabeus,' in the song, 'Let honour with desert be crowned.' The word

'trumpet' here happening to be introduced, he has taken such an advantage of it, that the whole song seems as if it was set to display the effect of the trumpet in a key which does not belong to it, and where, of course, it has the worst effect that can be imagined; and, as if this was not enough, the words seem to be written as a burlesque on the music, for they run thus;—'The Trumpet ne'er in vain shall sound.' I have heard this song praised as the best in all his works. The second instance, which I shall call *ridiculous*, or *bombast*, is a worse fault than the other, and yet it occurs frequently. Who can listen to such a pantomime tune as,—'The land brought forth frogs,' and call it anything but burlesque? and yet, this is a popular favourite!"

Oh! for shame, Mr. Dibdin! For the credit of your memory let me close the book, and only think of your own beautiful melodies and charming poetry, regardless of your lack of knowledge as a musician, and folly in criticising one of the most inspired musical writers that ever lived.

We have another sad instance of egotism in a most talented musician, whom most persons have regarded as a modest, unassuming man, who culled from the pastoral poetry of Shenstone, and wedded to his words many of his most beautiful melodies. The person I refer to is Dr. Arne. I once had in my possession a letter of Arne's, addressed to David Garrick. When the production of Arthur and Emeline was thought of, with Purcell's music, Arne, being then the musical director of Covent Garden Theatre, was requested to arrange the music. He however wrote to Garrick, to say it was a most thankless task to arrange and endeavour to improve such trashy and unmeaning stuff as Purcell's music; and added in the letter to which I refer, "particularly that noisy, blustering song and chorus—'Come if you dare.' I have set it to music," continued Arne; "*hear mine!*" We need not wonder at Dibdin's folly, when we read such evidence of Arne's presumption.

Wilson and myself had not lectured any great length of time, before some half-dozen others

followed in our footsteps. Our friend Templeton had a try, and Mr. Samuel Lover. Of lady lecturers there were not a few, but there was a prejudice against them, talented as some were; and, indeed, in this instance I must agree with the popular prejudice—it is quite enough to be lectured by the fair sex in private, without hearing them in public, at every turn. During this early time of my lecturing, our former singers and musicians were rapidly passing away. Poor Madam Malibran, the greatest vocalist and genius of my day, had long been dead. With the exception of this unfortunate lady, our musical friends generally lived to a good old age: for example, Dr. Crotch reached 72; Bellamy 73; Vaughan, who died on the day Bellamy was consigned to the tomb, 69; William Knyvett, 78; Greatorex about 78, and so on. Mrs. Salmon was elderly; Miss Travis, afterwards Mrs. William Knyvett, and Miss Stephens, now the Dowager Countess of Essex, are (in 1863) still living.

I cannot look back on the happy period when I first knew these eminent vocalists with-

out gloom; for though I have not nearly attained their ages, I still feel like the Last Man, standing on the brink of eternity, so new, and so different is all around me.

In casting a glance at those passed away, I must not forget one who, though humble in his calling, was respected by all who knew him, I mean Hedgley, our copyist and librarian; what a sad life he led! Ever ready to oblige, he was unceasingly abused; nothing was right that Hedgley did, and yet he never did wrong. I have observed him at a musical festival in a state of mental anxiety that no words can express, from the first day to the last. A dozen people would ask him two dozen questions; copies he had just sent into the orchestra would be sent out, being in the wrong key; others were deficient a few bars; some of the copies were mixed; six were in B flat, and the rest in two sharps; others had so many bars erased which it was afterwards decided were to be played. These, and a hundred other things, all fell on the shoulders of poor Hedgley till the perspi-

ration would roll off his forehead in huge drops, and he declared he should lose his senses.

On the last morning of the festival he would sit on one of the empty music boxes, and taking a melancholy glance at the strewed and half-worn copies, thank goodness that the festival was over, declaring he had never been so worried in his life; that all the copies were right, though they said they were wrong, and that he almost wished music had never been invented. He has passed away, and is now at rest, awaiting the first day of that great festival where no errors can exist.

We had amongst us another character that I must not overlook; for though not a musical man, he was at every concert, and so important in his office that George III. and George IV. would go nowhere without him The dignity and importance he sometimes assumed were most amusing. This famous man was Townsend, the chief of the Bow Street runners. He took particular pains to dress exactly as George III. did in private, and, to the day of

his death, never altered his costume. He was an elderly man when I first knew him, and rarely failed being in attendance at the Antient Concerts when any of the Royal family were there. I believe he fancied at times that he was the next heir to the throne. He wore a broad brimmed white hat, and a flaxen wig, long drab gaiters and breeches, or top boots, carried a thick walking stick or cudgel, and rarely entered into conversation with any one. I chanced, however, to become an especial favorite with him, and we frequently had long talks of an interesting character. I would say to him sometimes as he sat behind the orchestra on a large wooden box swinging one of his huge fat legs about. "Don't you miss his Majesty George III. very much?"

"I believe I do!" said he, immediately raising his hat, (which he always did whenever any of the Royal family were mentioned), "if it warn't for my wocation I'd dewote the rest of my life to his memory. Why, bless you," he continued, "His gracious Majesty (and up went the hat

again) and myself were like brothers; bless you, he wouldn't go no where's without me; I keeps my place, because the young chaps at Bow Street has got to larn their business, and the old uns has to teach em; and the business of the state couldn't go on without them 'ere as knows the tricks o' the town—so I keeps my place."

"Who's coming to-night?" I would inquire.

"The Duke of Cambridge, God bless him, (and up went the hat again) else you wouldn't find me here. Why he'd be as fidgetty as a mad bull in Newgate if he didn't see me here."

One evening I asked him "if he was fond of music?"

"No," he replied, "'ta'n't much in my way, but my missus is. I can't get her away from them horgans in the street sometimes, she's awful musical."

"Why, what will you do, Mr. Townsend, when all the Royal family are dead?"

"Well I suppose I shall soon go after them, and you'll go after me, and somebody 'll come

after you ; and so you see we are all a sort of Bow Street runners till our business is stopp'd and we're required no longer."

At this moment a voice in the outer passage was heard asking in a high tone " where's Townsend ?"

" Here am I, your Royal Highness," he answered, for that voice belonged to the Duke of Cambridge, who had just arrived.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHILE speaking of Townsend, the Bow Street Runner, who, judging from his appearance, had not run a dozen yards for the last forty years, I may add, that I shall never forget his hearty laugh when I told him of an incident which had just occurred to me, connected with that honourable fraternity, he was for ever attempting to crush. I had attended the reading of a new opera, at the termination of which our respective parts were handed to us, with the name of each member legibly written on the front page. As it chanced to be a very fine day, and I had a couple of hours leisure, I strolled into Bartholomew Fair, but on my return home found

myself minus my silk handkerchief and new part. I grieved over the loss of both, but particularly the part. On going to the theatre the next morning, the stage-door keeper said, "Here's a parcel for you, sir." I opened it, and lo! it was my new part, with "best compliments!" But the handkerchief was retained, I presume to wipe out all recollection of the crime. "They are deep fellows," said Townsend, "and honest in their way, if they warn't such thieves—ha! ha! ha! ha!"

By this time I had visited almost every town of importance in England, and, although the sum total of each year was *a loss*, still I hoped on, thinking new subjects and new songs might turn the current of affairs. At the same period, a singer was gradually, but with the most decided certainty, gaining ground as a musical entertainer. Belonging to no particular school, possessing no particular voice, not particularly gifted as a musician, as a declaimer not particularly refined—still on he came, and day by day advanced in public favour, casting into shadow

the most accomplished vocalists, and seizing with vigour, and firmness subjects that enthralled the audience, held them firm within his grasp, and overwhelmed them with a common-sense wonder. Who was this stupendous stranger? A lad of Hebrew extraction, whose father had a curiosity shop near Covent Garden, who sang when a little boy at the Surrey Theatre, in a piece called, 'Gulliver and the Lilliputians,' and who from that time had scarcely been heard of, till he came, the herald of an enormous reputation, the most popular singer of the multitude in England; a man who, in due time, eclipsed, even John Parry in everything but refinement. This wondrous person was Mr. Henry Russell, whose name, long after he retired, held sway over the minds and hearts of the multitude. Let us see how all this popularity was attained. It was not by voice, appearance, elegance, or knowledge, but by that uncommon circumstance possessed by so few, *common sense*. He adapted his themes to his powers; he chose subjects well understood by the general public;

he gained the habit and power of distinct articulation, and the very coarseness which caused a shudder in the refined listener awoke the enthusiasm of the throng, as it must always do when art is not divided, but possessed only by the few.

But a single season passed over at the English Opera House when the whole affair broke up. Like all commonwealths, the members quarrelled amongst themselves, and a loss was the result. After that unhappy disagreement it never revived, but, changing its form, resolved into an establishment for dramatic representations, entirely unconnected with music. Those who originally took shares in the new building, each of which cost two hundred and fifty pounds, never, I believe, received a shilling of interest, and eventually lost even their shares through some mismanagement; but, out of respect to Mr. Arnold, no steps were taken by any of the interested parties.

After the production of 'Nourzahad,' at the new English Opera, I was introduced to the celebrated Miss Mitford, at the house of Mr. George

Robins, the well-known auctioneer. The principal object of this interview was seeking my assistance in the production of an opera she had written, entitled 'Sadak and Kalasrade,' which had been set to music by a young professor, of Edinburgh, who was lauded by his countrymen as a great genius. Some of the music was certainly very good but there was nothing remarkable in his composition. Miss Mitford was then a middle-aged lady, of apparently robust health, and exceedingly simple and quiet manners, giving one the impression that she belonged to some superior county family. Though there was nothing of town polish about her, she had an address which immediately commanded respect and attention. The opera was produced, but was not successful. From that time I became her constant correspondent, and am in possession of some very charming letters from her. On one occasion she sent me some bacchanalian words, to set to music, which were written by a friend of hers, and which, next to 'The best of all good company,' were the most poetical I

ever received. I set them to music, and the song proved always effective, but never became so attractive or saleable as Barry Cornwall's. The words ran thus :—

"Lily on liquid roses floating,
So floats yon foam o'er pink champagne.
Fain would I join such pleasant boating,
And prove that ruby main,
And float away on wine.

"Those seas are dang'rous, grey beards swear,
Whose sea-beach is the goblet's brim;
And true it is they drown Old Care,
But what care we for him,
So we but float on wine.

"And true it is they cross with pain,
Who sober cross the Stygian ferry,
But only make our Styx champagne,
And we shall cross right merry,
Floating away on wine."

An additional interest was attached to this song by the impression it made on the Infant Sappho, who was brought to a concert where I sang it. She was much impressed with the melody, instantly caught it, and for long after

continually sang it, as she did all her melodies, without words. Immediately succeeding this came, 'The Return of the Admiral,' another of Mr. Proctor's famous songs.

Some years passed on, and while I still sought for new subjects for my entertainments, it struck me Miss Mitford's book, entitled, "Our Village," might furnish a good and attractive theme. I accordingly set to work, and having accomplished my task, delivered it for the first time before Miss Mitford, and a select circle of friends, at Miss Binfield's house, in Reading. Miss Mitford had by this time passed middle age, and was a little withered old woman, with no trace left of her former portly appearance. I scarcely knew her. She expressed herself much pleased with the way in which I had treated the subject, and the music I had composed; and entered into a long conversation about past events—the production of her opera, the Bacchanalian poetry she had sent me, and the way in which she had marked my steady progress from that period, little thinking I should so

many years after select her most favourite work as a vehicle for music. "With reference to the Bacchanalian songs," she continued, "pray, do not think any of those thoughts emanate from me, for I am *quite on the other side.*"

When I brought my entertainment before the public, to my great disappointment, I found it fail in attraction. I backed it up by a miscellaneous act, but all would not do, till in the end it became another "deserted village." My great scena in it was "The Squire of Age," which pictured the dawn of morning, the assembling of the villagers on the lawn before the great house, the procession to the church, the merry peal of its three bells, the dinner under the large tent, and the close of evening. The words of this scena, and of my two best songs, I have here inserted. The songs are published by Mr. Jeffries, of Soho Square.

THE SQUIRE OF AGE.

The Symphony of this Scena describes:—the breaking of the morning—the Shepherd's horn—the three bells of the village church begin a merry peal—the singing of the birds—the approach of the

serenaders—the joyous peal of the town bells—the decline of the day—the evening horn—and distant curfew of the village bells.

RECITATIVE.

THE grey ey'd morning ushers in the day,
The happy hour when ev'ry heart is gay,
And see to welcome in this joyous time,
The village girls with music, flow'rs and rhyme,
Greet the young Squire, and sing beneath the shade,
Some rustic verses by their poet made.

SERENADE.

A long train of girls are seen approaching the mansion, waving garlands of flowers, laughing, and dancing to rustic music, till they arrange themselves beneath the window of the Squire's apartment, when they sing the serenade, and leave the garlands hanging on the trees and shrubs.

List to our song which greets the happy morn,
And celebrates the day our good young Squire was born;
Sweet flowers we bring to twine around thy bow'rs,
Wishing them emblems of thy future hours.

RECITATIVE.

The morning is now advanced, and the whole prospect is alive with gay dressed country people, flocking to the great house; the Beadle of the parish with his long painted staff, and huge bouquet, places the happy throng in marching order, and thus headed by the Squire, the Clergyman, and the whole family at the great house, proceed to the village church, which is enter'd.

Behold assembling on the dewy lawn,
The youth, the maid, the old and youngest born;
Twining thro' lanes and darken'd paths of green,
The gay deck'd husbandmen are straggling seen.

Now to the church they in procession wend,
Led by the Squire, and now on knee they bend;
The organ pealing fills the fragrant air,
And each breathes gratefully this heartfelt pray'r :—

THE HYMN.

The prayers being over, they sing this hymn, even those outside unable to get admission into the little sacred edifice, stand bare-headed.

O God of mercies bend we at thy throne,
And pray to-day for him, and him alone;
May dews of Heaven, their moisture o'er him fling,
Rip'ning in Autumn all his buds of Spring:
Humbly we ask this of our Heavenly King.

RECITATIVE.

The hymn is over, they return in wild merriment to the lawn; the tables are now spread upon the grass, the large barrel of beer is rolled out, the first toast is given, the repast begins.

Again the merry crowd bend t'wards the lawn,
To sound of tabor, pipe, and cheerful horn;
The scarlet cloaks and ribbons of the fair,
Dance in wild harmony on buoyant air!
The table's spread,—the lusty cask of ale,
Brew'd twenty years ago—now tells its tale;
The Squire upstanding greets the happy throng,
Wishes them health, and lives robust and long.
The tables groan with plenteous food supplied,
The mug of beer adorns each rustic's side:
Another toast, behold in youth's bright health,
An English farmer, rich in nature's wealth!

A pause—and now he gives the good young Squire,
Hurrah! hats wave! and then burst forth the quire.

CHORUS OF MEN.

The men sing a chorus got up for the occasion, and accompanied by the Village band: this was the grand vocal effort of the day.

Shout, boys shout! let every heart be gay;
Shout, boys shout! the Squire 's of age to-day;
Long may he live, the pride of all around,
And the kind father in the son be found;
Should dread rebellion in this land be seen,
The yeoman's sword shall guard our Lord and Queen.
Shout, Boys shout! &c., &c.

RECITATIVE.

The Village Band begin to tune their instruments for the dance, they take their places in a long row: Old Tommy King is the most active in making the arrangements; all eyes are directed to the Squire for the signal to start off.

The Dinner over—now the sports begin,
All fun and noise without, all joy within;
Each maid her partner views with eye askance,
The Squire with pretty Jane leads off the dance;
The pointing crowd remarks each passer-by,
And thus with extacy you hear them cry—

COUNTRY DANCE. RECITATIVE SPOKEN THROUGHOUT.

The dance commences very quietly, and in order, a little jostling now and then, Farmer Stump tumbles down, several couples fall over him, the dance increases in rapidity, till night advancing, the parties begin to separate.

Look at Dame Cowslip, see her fling,
There goes young William—there goes Tommy King.

And Betsy Maydew, Richard takes her hand,
See Mary too, the merriest in the land!
Here comes the Squire with pretty Jane,
Dance, Jenny dance, 'twill never come again;
See Farmer Stump, ha! ha! he's tumbled down,
Over they go, &c., &c.

RECITATIVE, ACCOMPANIED.

They depart in groups, respectfully saluting the Squire; the Village bells again ring, the sun has sunk, and all resume the quiet of a calm Summer's evening.

With mirth and blessings we must now depart,
Joy on each brow, and love in ev'ry heart,
Good night—good night, the little birds are singing,
Good night—good night, the village bells are ringing—
Good night—good night———.

MY LITTLE MARY ANN.

In a sweet little village on the banks of a stream,
Where poets love to wander, and where music seems to dream;
Where the modest taper spire points the way to happier spheres,
And by its soothing chimes sheds comfort o'er our later years.
In the little shady lanes long before I was a man,
Did I whisper vows to Heaven, and my little Mary Ann!

The hours pass'd slowly by, 'till I number'd years of weight,
And reach'd that joyous time which gives to manhood its estate;

I must then prepare to follow at the plough—so troll'd the song
Of the husbandman; which cheers them all so happily along.
I did as duty bid me, and ever sought a plan,
To enable me some summer's morn to wed my Mary Ann.

By industry I gained a trifling fortune of my own,
For well I knew that what I reap'd, must first be duly sown;
I bought a little cottage, with a garden in good store,
And Roses twin'd with Honeysuckle graced my garden door.
I now was nigh complete, and to perfect make my plan,
I hastened, and I married my sweet little Mary Ann.

The Squire of the Village gave the blooming bride away,
And we call each year to thank him upon our wedding-day;
He gave her a bright nosegay of the rarest flow'rs to view,
And we keep it in the Bible, safe away from frost and dew.
Each hour our bliss increases, as time our ages span,
And the Village song from morn till night is, little Mary Ann!

SONG AND CHORUS.

"Let's make Haye while the sun shines."

COMPOSEDE BYE ONE MAISTER WILLIAME DREWUTE.

Oh! summer time will come and goe,
Flow'rs will bloome tho' now laid lowe,
But wee one summer onlye knowe,
  Soe let's make Haye while the sun shines.
Whilste the tyde off healthe is flowinge,
And pleasure ev'rywhere seems growinge
Whye take youre scythe and be a mowinge
  And let's make Haye while the sun shines.

Doe not thinke time's ever sleeping,
Thoe he's like the Ivye creepinge,
Stille we're safelye in his keepinge,
  Soe let's make Haye while the sun shines.
Decrepite age will soon come o'er us,
Then no power can restore us,
Deathe alone makes up life's chorus,
  Soe let's make Haye while the sun shines.

Being engaged for a concert in Monmoth, I had the good fortune there to make the acquaintance of the vicar, the Rev. George Roberts, a gentleman of much learning, possessed of charm-

ing manners, enthusiastically fond of music, a rare angler, and one of the best and most sensible preachers I ever listened to. We soon became intimate friends. He invited me to his house, and as a matter of course, the spring brought with it plans for a fishing excursion in Wales, in conjunction with Mr. Henry Cliffe, part editor of the "Gloucester Journal," also a devoted disciple of old Isaak Walton. Our first excursion was to the ruins of Llantony Abbey, where some very good trout fishing was obtainable, and where a very hospitable farmer and his wife occupied one of the towers of the abbey, and had accommodation for two or three anglers. There we passed many happy days, and evenings never to return! Subsequently we wended our way over the Hatterill hills, sleeping in little Welsh hotels, and trolling our merry fishing songs:—

"O, the sweet contentment the countryman doth find,
Heigh, trollie, lollie loe.
That quiet contemplation possesseth all my mind;
Then care away, and wend along with me."

Thus we proceeded till at length we reached Aberystwith, where we always stayed a few, days, fishing and pebbling, for the coast abounded with shingle of a rare character, composed of cornelians, moss agates, and, some of the old lady visitors are much inclined to believe, diamonds.

Having an eye to business as well as pleasure, I thought it might be to my advantage if I took some dozen bills with me, which very distinctly announced in large white letters on a red ground, "that Mr. H. Phillips, the celebrated vocalist, would shortly visit that town." Having left them loose in my bed-room, Mr. Roberts, previous to our tour, contrived to possess himself of some two or three, and, unknown to me, put them in his knapsack.

From Aberystwith we journeyed to Machynleth, staying at the famous hotel there close to the Town Hall. During supper, Mr. Roberts, addressing me, as he invariably did, said "H. P., have you heard of a person who is giving musical entertainments, and taking your name."

I replied, "I had certainly heard of such a thing, but have never received any evidence of it. I wish I could meet with him," I continued.

"Ah!" said Mr. Roberts, "if he's wise he'll keep out of the way."

This passed off without further comment. Next morning we rose early and breakfasted in a room, the windows of which looked full on one side of the Town Hall. After breakfast Mr. Roberts sauntered to the window, and suddenly exclaimed, beckoning to Mr. Cliffe, "Here, Henry, look here, did you ever see anything like this?"

"Bless me," said Cliffe, believing all he saw, "what rascality."

"What is it?" I inquired.

"Come here, H. P. That fellow we spoke of last evening is coming here."

"Nonsense," said I.

"Come and see," Mr. Roberts replied, in apparent agitation.

I rose, went to the window, and beheld, to my

great astonishment and anger, a fac-simile of my own bill, word for word, printed in white letters on a red ground.

"I never heard of such a thing in my life. What's to be done?" I said; "it must be stopped."

A call immediately on the mayor was proposed, as well as a reward for the apprehension of the offender.

"Certainly," I said; "I will go to the mayor directly. Come with me."

"No, they said, "you had better go first by yourself."

I took their advice, and went straight to the mayor. He was not at home; so I made for the printer, and had a few bills struck off directly, offering a reward of five pounds for the apprehension of the impostor. The following intimation was soon placarded all over the town:—

"Whereas a person describing himself as Mr. H. Phillips, the celebrated vocalist, has been imposing on the public through Wales, and even imitating Mr. Phillips' style of bill, a reward of

five pounds will be given for his apprehension when brought before his worship the mayor."

"Now," said my two friends, "we shall have him; he's sure to be here in the course of the day, so we'll put off our fishing till to-morrow."

We returned to the hotel; I was fidgetty and heated with anxiety to catch this monster of duplicity. A few hours having passed, we proposed a little walk to cool ourselves; and having reached the borders of the town, my friends said, "In this little inn the best glass of home-brewed in Wales is to to be had; shall we taste it?"

"Certainly," was my reply, and into a little back parlour we were ushered. I can't say that I much admired the beverage. My friends, saying "they'd ask for another tap," left the room, and hurried back to the town, where they found the beadle, and said, "We've seen the man who calls himself Phillips, and that the reward is offered for; he's at such an inn, in the back parlour; you had better go and get him, and obtain the reward"

The consequence of this was that I was soon

favoured with the visit of two men, one of whom wore a sort of livery. I took no notice of them, and still sat by the window quietly admiring the beautiful prospect, when they said, "It's a fine morning, sir."

"Very," I replied.

"Beautiful prospect, sir."

"Very," I returned.

"Have you never seen it before?"

"Never," I said, "I have not been long in the town."

"All right," said the men, winking at one another, a proceeding which I naturally thought was rather strange.

"I beg pardon, sir," said the man in livery, "I beg pardon, but is your name Phillips?"

"It is," I replied.

"H. Phillips?"

"Yes!"

"The celebrated vocalist?"

"The same," I said.

"All right," cried the man in livery, you are our prisoner; "five pounds reward has been offered for you, and now we've got you."

"Nonsense," said I, "the reward was offered by myself, for an offender that I——"

"It's all very well this gammon," said the beadle, "but it won't do with me, young man; so come and tell his worship the story, and see if he'll believe you." With this they laid hold of my collar, and were leading me very unceremoniously to the mayor, when I saw my two treacherous friends at a distance, to whom I shouted. Hastening to the rescue, they explained the whole joke, to which a little whiskey and water, and a hearty laugh at my misfortunes and perplexities, reconciled all parties. The bill upon close examination proved to be my own, by the printer's name in the corner, and from that hour I never heard of the impostor whose imaginary existence had caused me so much pain.

An opera was now in contemplation at Drury Lane, called 'The Bohemian Girl;' the libretto by Mr. Bunn, the music by Balfe. Every possible temptation was offered me to appear in it, and sing the ballad, 'The heart bowed down;' but, no! like Mr. Winkle's horse in the Pick-

wick Papers, I was proof against flattery, preferred giving my musical entertainments, and would not accept the engagement—a refusal which I afterwards regretted, for the opera ran long and successfully. My impression was, that I could not have produced an effect with the ballad, and I still hold the same opinion. It became very popular, but, I feel confident, required a heavier voice than I possessed. The folly, however, of quitting the theatre, and adhering to my musical entertainments, will at once be apparent, when I state that in 1842, I received one hundred guineas for the last musical festival held at Newcastle-upon-Tyne; and other things would probably have followed in the same ratio, had I but been wise. At every turn, however, new stimulants arose for the continuance of this, my fatal error; for in addition to John Wilson and Henry Russell, John Parry appeared with an entertainment, adding to his inimitable buffo singing, an exhibition of his drawings on a large scale, some of which were in effect most exquisite. I pondered long over this advance in that

branch of art, and thought how much I should like to do the same; but the moment had not arrived, and instead of drawing, I passed my leisure time in fly-fishing; the incentive to this pastime being much increased by the circumstance of my honoured friend, Mr. Samuel Cartwright, having taken a beautiful estate named Delabere, near Pangbourne on the Thames. This gave him possession of a great portion of the famous trout stream which passes through that village into the river. At this residence many charming parties, of men connected with music and the fine arts, were assembled; for Cartwright had that hospitable charm about him which drew together, by a seeming magic, dukes, lords, knights, painters, poets, musicians, sculptors—all that was great and good. On some occasions our assemblies were staid, profound, and learned; at others, musical, merry, diverting, and ridiculous. Of one of these musical merry meetings I must speak, particularly as it is connected with our funny friend, John Hobbs. The party I allude to consisted of the Honourable Mr.

Berkeley, Mr. Stanhope, Mr. Lockey Hobbs, and myself. Mr. Stanhope had driven over in his little phaeton, which Hobbs knew, having received him at the door on his arrival. We had a splendid dinner and excellent wines. After a little music, we entered the billiard-room, supped about eleven on a hot summer's night, with a thunder storm evidently gathering. Master Hobbs was in the best of spirits, which gradually increased as the hours rolled on; sung a variety of songs—some of which, such as 'Black-eyed Susan,' were splendidly declaimed. A strange and almost hidden feeling always lurked in his bosom, that more than half the effect I produced in my singing was done by trickery; for he would often declare I did more by a wink of the eye or a nod of the head, than by any genuine artistic feeling. "Now, for instance," he would say; "in such a song as 'Shalle I wastynge in despaire,' any one might produce the same effect, if they had the same amount of impudence." On this occasion he was particularly inveterate. In the early part of the evening I

had sung several songs similar to the above, and received the unqualified praise of all present. This rankled in Hobbs' heart, and about two o'clock in the morning, when the general articulation of the company was not so distinct as when we sat down to dinner, we made an universal request that Hobbs should sing another song. "I will," he replied, "and one of my best, if it's only to shame my friend Phillips—and I'll act it;" at which we all expressed our approval, for we anticipated what sort of acting it would be. By this time the storm outside had reached its height. The lightning, thunder, and rain, was terrific. "What are you going to sing?" we enquired. "'Black-eyed Susan,'" he replied; "the finest song in the world." "But you've sang it already," we said. "Never mind," returned Hobbs, "I'll sing it again; and with the aid of the library steps, I'll act it; because there's some part of the song where I'm supposed to be on the mast. I must have the steps." So the steps were brought in, the first step on which proving a failure, he sang the song

standing on the floor. Having terminated it, he renewed his attack on me, to the great amusement of us all, saying—"Now I'll sing another naval song with you, and beat you all to shivers. I'll sing a song of the army, and carry all by storm. I'll sing a Bacchanalian, till you sha'n't go home till morning," and so on. The storm was still increasing; a deluge of rain was rushing by the house, when, looking at his watch, he said—"Dear me! three o'clock. I quite forgot an appointment I have in London to-morrow morning early. Would you, my dear Mr. Stanhope, lend me your horse and open phaeton to drive directly into town (it was only forty miles)?" Mr. Stanhope said he had not the slightest objection, if Mr. Hobbs could persuade his servant to accompany him. "I'll try," said he; and, quitting the room, we saw no more of my rival, till considerably after the usual breakfast hour, next day.

I forget whether or not Mr. Thomas Francis was with us that night, but if not, it was on some similar occasion that he was particularly

desirous to join one of our fishing excursions at Delabere; and as Francis was much more conversant with the counter-tenor part of a glee than with the casting of artificial flies on a trout stream, we had not much faith in the pleasure he might derive from the day's sport. It was on a showery day, with now and then a passing cold wind, that we commenced at the head of the stream, and had to pursue our path through brambles and stinging nettles, and every species of disagreeables, that none but an expert angler ought to encounter. Having followed Lockey and myself through this wilderness of bushes, which inflicted sundry sharp scratches on our noses, ears, eyes, and hands, we arrived at the margin of a ploughed field of some six or eight acres, over which we must pass to reach the other portion of the stream. We had just gained the middle of it, when a pelting shower came on, and Francis turning rapidly round like a weathercock in the apparent hope of avoiding the drops, exclaimed, "Do you call this pleasure? I shall catch my death of cold. How

can you be such a couple of fools as to walk in a ploughed field during a deluge?" We at length reached the village of Pangbourne, had him put to rights again at the inn, the "Elephant and Castle," and advised him to have an hour or two on the Thames with Broadway, one of the best fishermen on the river. To this he assented, and entering the punt, was moored right in the middle of the stream. The poles were stuck tightly in, the ground baited, and the hooks well supplied. Francis, smiling complacently, harpooned a gudgeon, when down came another terrific storm of rain. Angry and despairing, he was brought ashore, more like a mermaid than a gentleman of Her Majesty's Chapel Royal. In the evening we brought home a goodly dish of golden trout, which he said he hoped would do us much good, and thus ended, as far as my knowledge goes, young Francis' days of fishing.

I must not quit this locality without a passing tribute to a lost and excellent musical friend resident in Windsor, Josiah French, a member

of the Chapel Royal, a collector of modern paintings, and possessor of one of the most extensive collections of autographs in the kingdom. He had a bass voice of not very agreeable quality, and in his front parlour an antiquity which no one envied him; to wit, a pianoforte with very thin wires, half of which were broken, whilst all the notes that would sound, were about a fifth below the ordinary pitch. He was an honest, kind-hearted man, ever happy in the society of his friends, and celebrated for the dinners he invariably gave them, which consisted of a shoulder of mutton and potatoes. Such a joint, so tender, so absolutely perfection, was never met with but at French's table. He had letters of Rubens, Rembrandt, Salvator Rosa, Sir Christopher Wren, the Martyrs; indeed, of almost all the celebrated and remarkable men and women that had lived during the last three centuries. It was at his residence I first had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Charles Lockey, Dr. Elvy, and other members of the Chapel Royal. He died very suddenly of disease of

the heart, and was buried in the vault of the Chapel Royal at Windsor. I attended as one of his chief mourners, and took a last sorrowful look at the remains of one who will long live green in my memories.

Having spoken so much of Mr. Cartwright's estate at Delabere, I must not pass over the charming and intellectual meetings at his house in Old Burlington Street, where I not only met those members of the aristocracy who were patrons of our art, such as Lord Westmoreland, Lord Cawdor, the late Duke of Gordon, Lord Lennox, &c., &c., but also all the celebrities of the musical world, English and foreign. In addition to the music executed on these occasions, the visitor was surrounded by all that could gratify and instruct the eye. Pictures by Landseer, Calcott, Hogarth, &c., &c., china, and rare gems, of the most exquisite kind. Speaking of china, reminds me of a lady I once met, who, when describing a very rich family she was intimate with, and who, according to her idea, excelled all others in affability, said, "The house

is magnificent, full of paintings and costly furniture, and the lady is extremely agreeable, for the moment you go in she shows you all her little articles of virtue!" Mozart, having put additional accompaniments to Handel's 'Messiah,' gave the incentive, and, I may say, authority, to many others, to bring out by such means the intended effects of his other oratorios. The next person to Mozart who attempted this, was Vincent Novello, the father of Clara, who, in 1849, completed his task, taking the Judas Maccabeus for performance at Exeter Hall. On this subject I received the following very interesting letter:—

"Wednesday, July 2nd, 1849,
"Craven Hill Cottage, Bayswater.

"CARO SIGNOR ENRICO,

"If you have quite done with Dr. Wiseman's tastefully-written little volume relative to the ceremonies at Rome, which I had the pleasure of lending you some time since, and from the perusal of which I trust you have derived some gratification, perhaps you will do me the favour to leave it out ready for me, and I will call for it the next time I happen to be in your neighbourhood.

"Will you at the same time indulge me with the perusal of the MS. composition by Dr. Boyce (unpublished, I believe,) which you bought at one of the musical sales in Piccadilly a few months since. I will take the greatest care of the copy while it is in my custody, and will punctually restore it to you on whatever day you may yourself name for me to do so. I hope you liked the effect of the corroborative accompaniments which I ventured to add to Handel's delightful musical poetry in the Judas Maccabeus, for its recent performance at Exeter Hall, under the judicious and energetic conductorship of my highly esteemed Italian friend Michael Costa. I assure you that I endeavoured to accomplish my task in the most conscientious manner, with a view to evince the profound veneration I feel for the memory of that most sublime of all composers; and in this reverential spirit I made a point of not *omitting* or altering a single note of Handel's own score, but merely made such additions as would carry out and enforce the contrasts and orchestral effects which he *himself* intended, as far as my limited powers of perception would enable me to ascertain them, and in the choice of the modern instruments with which I endeavoured to develop still further his intended gradations of orchestral light and shade, I rigidly excluded all the *blaring, coarse, and noisy brazen instruments* of the ultra modern French school (such as the post-horn, cornet à-piston, monstre ophicleides, and other frightfully hideous blast instruments, as they are appropriately called, and of which the *tapage* loving Parisians who take such delight in, *un bruit du diable*, are so doatingly

fond), and I have carefully selected only such additional instruments to enrich my new edition of the orchestral score, as to the best of my judgment, I think that Handel would *himself* have chosen, if those instruments had been at his command when he first wrote the oratorios.

"As an instance of the system I adopted and the plan I pursued in corroborating Handel's own effects, I noticed that he had left the minor part of the chorus that precedes the glorious burst into the major, which he has so poetically imagined at the word, 'We worship God;' and I accordingly watched my opportunity of rendering this striking contrast still more impressive by leaving the wind instruments *entirely silent* during the introductory movement, 'Oh, never bow me down,' and then when the sudden burst which Handel evidently sought to produce *does* occur, I have brought in the whole power of the band in combination with the choral voices, and the effect was so thrillingly overpowering, that it reminded me of Mozart's fine saying, 'That when Handel wishes to produce a striking effect, he strikes us with a thunderbolt.'

"Believe me, my dear Phillips,

"Very cordially, *al solito*,

"Your faithfully attached friend,

"V. NOVELLO."

END OF VOL. I.

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